THE BYSTANDER
Vol. CVII.—No. 1392

AUGUST 20, 1930

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THE PAPER WITH THE HOLIDAY SPIRIT

the BYSTANDER

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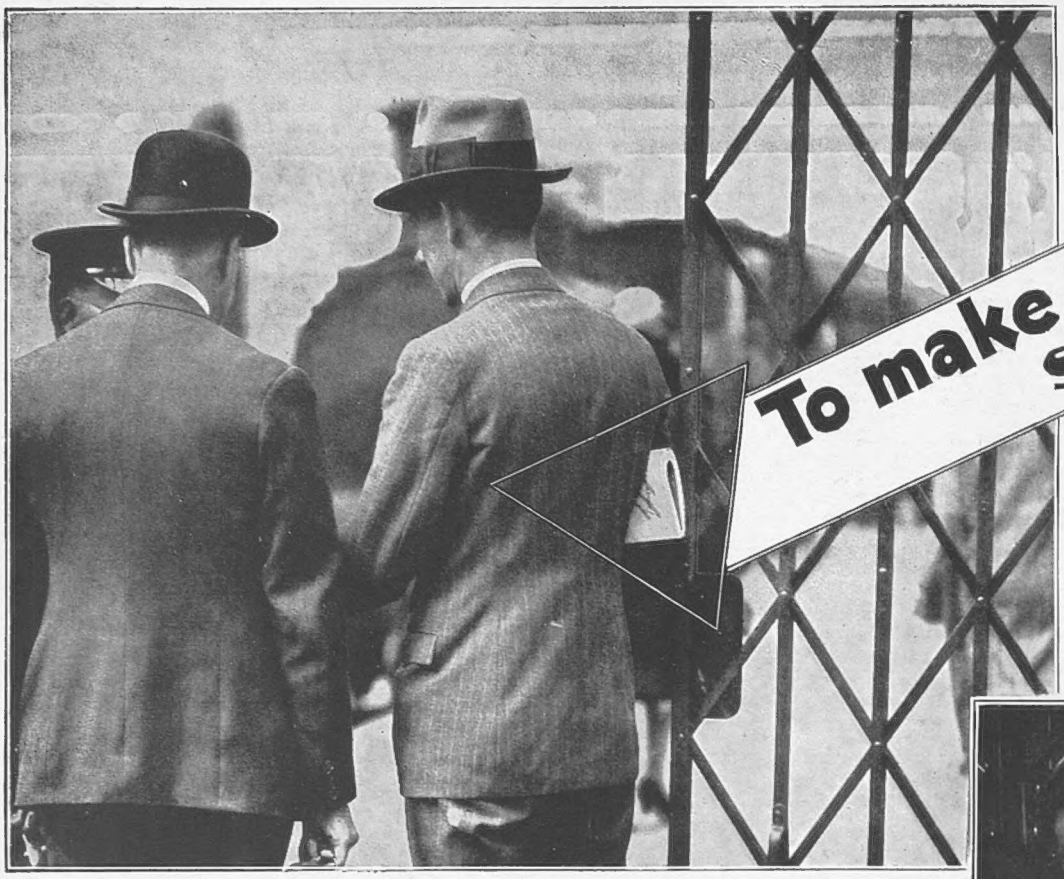


To make the journey seem shorter

. . . . It's all very well ragging me about being "on the beach" at Takoradi. I wasn't anything near it, although I'll admit I'd not found the right job really to take off my coat to. After getting clear of the Army, I'd come out to the West Coast on a crane-erecting job connected with the new harbour, and sat down on that comfortably enough till it was through. My contract specified passage home on the next E.D. boat, but as I'd nothing in view when I got there, I gave the steamer a miss and took on a schoolmastering job up Accra way. That was a mis-fit—or I was, and I found billets subsequently in a sisal plantation, a lime-juice foundry, a shipping office, and as clerk in an ordinary general store, which was where I was doing my day's perspiration when Miss Jerningham stepped off on to the concrete of Takoradi harbour wall.

I met her one Sunday, up at my Manager's swagger bungalow on the hill above Secondi, a grey-haired little woman, none too tidy, with a trim enough figure, and a very determined mouth. She looked at me over horn spectacles, and said she'd heard of me. I suppose one could say the same thing to General Allenby or the Prince of Wales, and either of them would be amused. I wasn't. Her looks seemed to imply that she'd heard a good many tough tales about me . . . . *The rest of this rattling good story, DRAGONS, is in the August issue of—*

There are Stories that MEN can read in the August

BRITANNIA and EVE

New Style Magazine

One Shilling

It may be that your impression of a magazine is governed by what magazines used to be . . .

The Bystander, August 20, 1930

the BYSTANDER

No. 1392. Vol. CVII

Cigarini

MISS BAPSY PAVRY, M.A.

A new portrait of Miss Bapsy Pavry, the talented and beautiful daughter of the Parsi High Priest of Bombay and a well-known figure in London Society. She is the author of that charming book, "The Heroines of Ancient Persia," which was published recently

BY HYNES

CAPTAIN: "*Been ashore, eh? What's the mess on your face? Jam?*"

MIDSHIPMAN: "*ROUGE, sir, ROUGE!*"

Guns at Sir P. Cunliffe-Lister's shoot making their way through the bracken to the butts. The shoot was held over Swinton Moor, in Yorkshire

Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister in the butts on Swinton Moor during the first shoot of the season

The Passing Hour

POLITICIANS seem to like the Continent. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald (as I pointed out recently) has been to his fourth Passion Play at Oberammergau. Now I hear that not only is Mr. Neville Chamberlain touring Germany, but Mr. Stanley Baldwin is visiting his old love, Aix-les-Bains, once more. He had been touring the Rheims district for some days previously. No doubt we shall hear that Mr. Snowden has visited Le Touquet to see whether he can find some new way of taking money out of our pockets, if that were possible. It would be a different thing if George Lansbury went to spy out the land with a view to starting a casino in, say, Torquay or the Isle of Wight.

Ancient Lights

I ALWAYS thought that Greek Fire was one of the lost arts of the ancients. However, they seem to have rediscovered the secret at Deauville, where it has been introduced in red and green for garden illuminations. Needless to say, the occasion was one of those galas at which mannequins are draped not only in the smartest clothes, but also in jewellery that would make even the Dolly Sisters envious. Lady Cunard, who had come on from Pourville, was there, and also Madame Martinez de Hoz, who is the best-looking South American I have ever seen. Her husband is famous for his racehorses.

A Millionaire Set

MRS. HARRY BRAIN, who used to give many parties in London before she was superseded by even more magnificent American hostesses, is at Deauville. Lord Louis Mountbatten, with his gallant team of sailor polo players, is there, too. So is Lord Michelham, the Aga Khan, the Mar-

Photographs Sport and General

Sir Bolton Eyres-Monsell, one of the members of Sir P. Cunliffe-Lister's shoot. He is seen bringing in the grouse which he bagged during the first drive

HOLIDAY TIME ON THE CONTINENT

Central Press

Lord Rochdale with Miss Violet Fraser during a shoot over the beautiful Gunnerside Moor, near Richmond, in Yorkshire. They are seen at a stand in Blind Ghyll

quis de Patago, who is a most ambitious polo player, being one of the best in Spain, Mr. Jack Michelham, one of the most careful young men in Europe, Mr. Strassburger, Mr. Vanderbilt (junior), and Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Macawber. M. André must be rubbing his hands at the continued presence of the millionaire set.

Albanian Boars

MEANTIME, Sir Frederick and Lady Ponsonby are at Venice on their son-in-law's yacht. The Duke and Duchess of Westminster have a great affection for Venice, which they use as a headquarters from which they go on cruises in the Greek Archipelago and the Ægean Sea. The Duke's passion for boar-hunting is well known. He frequently hunts near Bordeaux, where, indeed, he went for part of his honeymoon. His party is now indulging in the thrills of boar-hunting in Albania, the last really uncivilised country in Europe.

Bicycling to Lunch

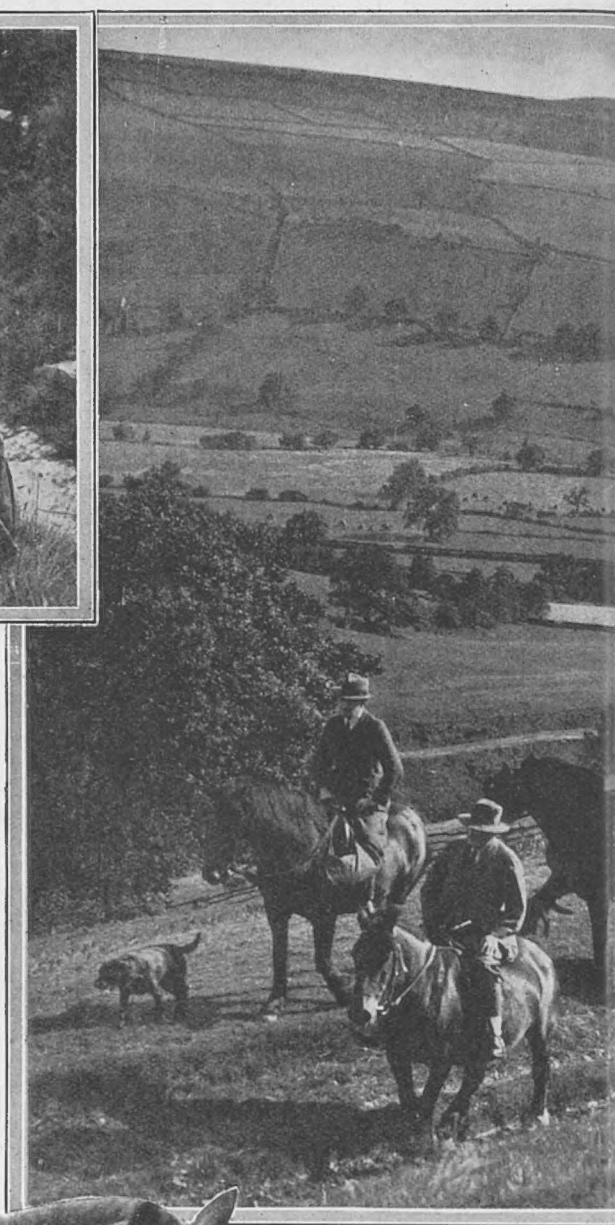
THE Lido's latest freak fashion is to have lunch several hundred yards from shore, the food being brought out by launch, and the guests arriving by water-bicycles. These machines, which I tried last year at the Lido, are quite easy to ride, though one cannot go very fast. After the maritime luncheon, the guests were expected to take an afternoon siesta on the floating mattresses, which is the latest bright idea at the Lido. The former Miss Baba d'Erlanger, the Princess Faucigny-Lucinge, is one of the many people who has gone in for this latest way of spending the time at the Lido.

A Dream Come True

FROM Juan-les-Pins I hear a pleasant story of one of the many American authoresses there. She dreamt that she won 50,000 francs at chemin-de-fer. So impressed was she that she entered the casino, won that exact sum, and went away. It is a pity we do not all have dreams like that, or, rather, that they do not come true. It is said to be very lucky to dream about Royalty. I have done so, but nothing ever came of it.

Sport and General

Lord Illingworth ascending the rough slope on his way to the butts on Ramsgill Moor where his first shoot took place

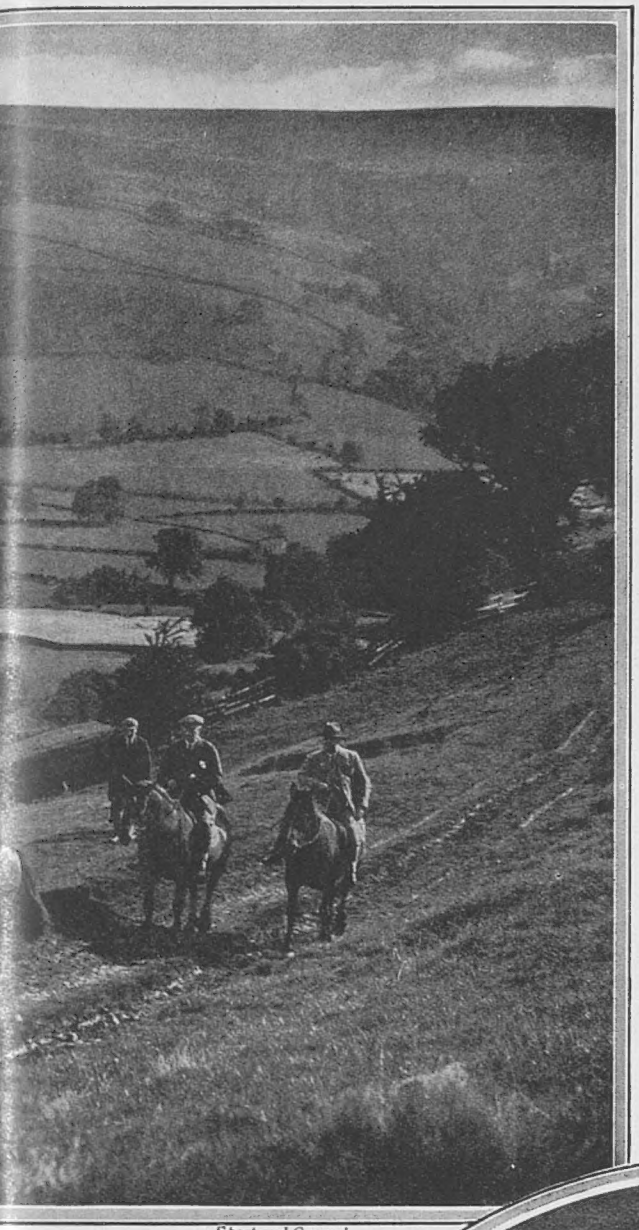


Guns making their way along a in Yorkshire. They were members of th

Popular Le Touquet

LE TOUQUET, thanks to the lead given by the Prince of Wales, does not seem to have suffered much from

WITH THE GUNS ON THE MOORS



Sport and General

...rt-track on their way to Ramsgill Moor ...oot given this year by Lord Illingworth

the after-effects of the air crash. Anyway, a number of well-known people were there last week. They included Lord and Lady Allendale, Lady Burney, Lady Chesham, and Lady Anstruther. Meantime, the Prince of Wales's decision not to make any public plans before the end of September will be received with approval by everyone who realises what a tiresome life he must lead and how much he deserves a real holiday from mayors and photographers, town councils and Rotarians.

A Royal Yachtswoman

I SEE that the Queen of Spain has won a yacht race at Santander. I wonder if she remembers how the King of Spain on an historic occasion a few years ago was compelled to lodge a protest against her in that regatta. There were only three competing yachts in the race—the King's, the Queen's, and Madame Herriot's, which was being sailed by Mr. Patrick Egan, a young Etonian. Mr. Egan won, and recently bought the King of Spain's first yacht, the Hispania, which he sailed with great distinction at Cowes during the regatta this year.

I Regret

I REGRET that in my description of Goodwood the other day I inadvertently referred to Lady Mar, whom I thought I saw dressed in blue watching the races. Lady Mar writes to say that owing to the death of her father-in-law, the late Lord Mar, she was in mourning.

Topical

The Duke of Atholl and Sir Leslie Wilson on their way to the butts. They were members of the shoot given by Lord Devonport on Cublea Hill, near Amulree, in Perthshire

Topical

Bringing home the bag from the Forest of Birse Moors, Aberdeenshire, after Lady Cowdray's shoot. The Hon. Yoskil Pearson and Lord FitzHarris are seen leading the pony upon which the Hon. Brenda Pearson is riding

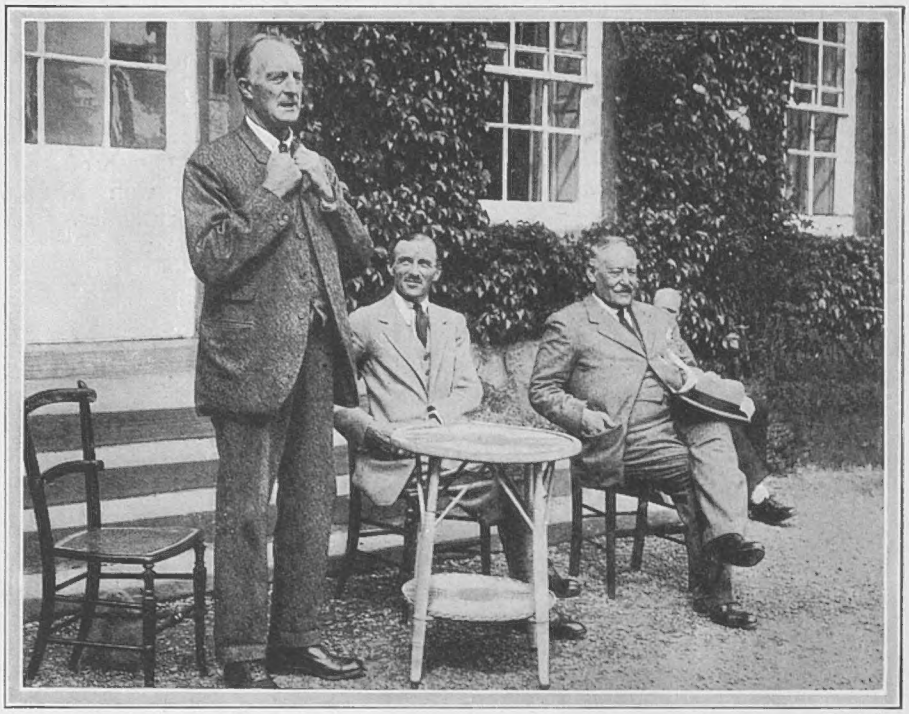
Off the Beaten Track

AN unusual holiday has just been spent by a friend of mine, who went to Perpignon and thence to the tiny republic of Andorra by motor coach and mule track. They have no trains and no motor cars in the republic itself, so that a holiday there is good for the liver. The natives are Catalans—I had always thought they were Basques—and they are very proud. It is inadvisable to get into a quarrel there. The absence of income-tax or anything else of the kind is one of the compensations for living in this rather bleak little country.

Compensation

THE news that the 15th/19th Hussars have been engaged in the Peshawar trouble has made this rising of the Afridis much more vivid to Mayfair than would otherwise be the case. I know two or three young officers in the regiment who must be congratulating themselves with the knowledge that though they were too young for the last campaign (as certain professional soldiers describe the Great War) they will, nevertheless, get a ribbon for the present affair even though it may not be considered sufficiently important to be added to the regiment's battle honours.

POLITICIANS GET BUSY



Topical

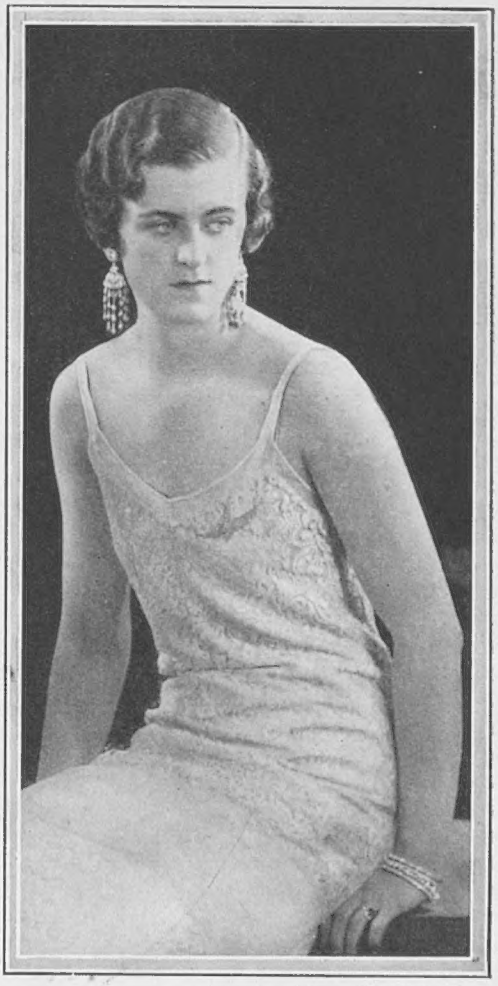
Viscount Grey of Fallodon inculcating young Liberals with the Gospel of Free Trade at the Lesbury Liberal Fête of the Berwick Division, held in the grounds of Lesbury House, Northumberland. Seated on his left is Colonel the Hon. Harold Robson, the owner of Lesbury House, next to whom is Colonel Henry Williams, prospective Liberal candidate for the Division

Hay Wrightson

Miss Myra Drummond the eldest daughter of the Hon. Maurice Drummond and of the Hon. Mrs. Drummond, whose engagement has been announced to Mr. David Arbuthnot, the eldest son of Major J. B and Mrs. Arbuthnot

His Choice

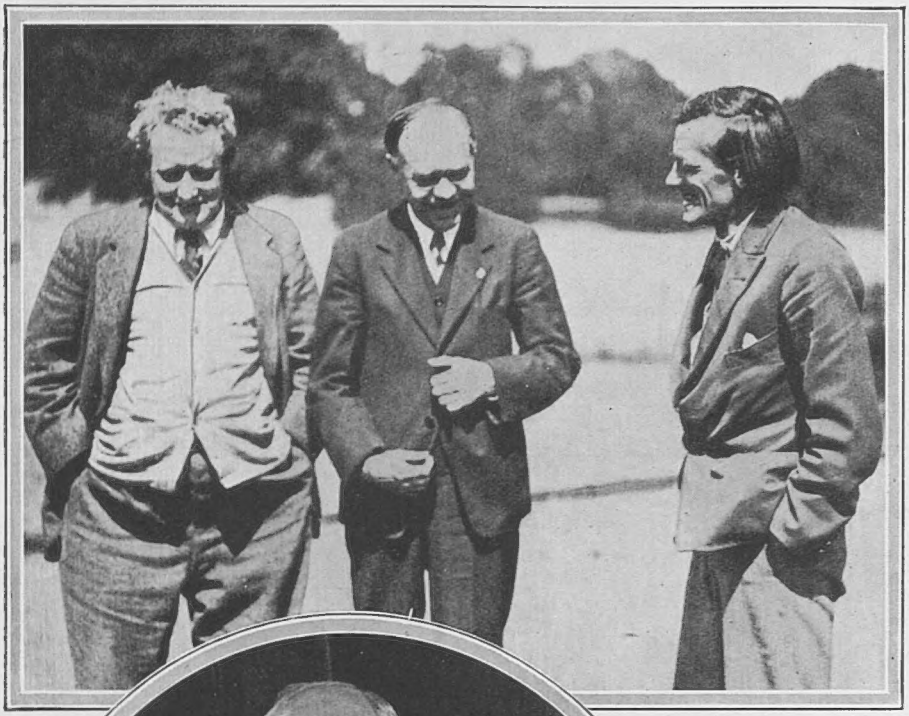
IT is a truism that night club proprietors subsist almost entirely on orange-juice during the course of their onerous duties. In the same way maîtres d'hôtel never visit casino towns for their holidays, and restaurant proprietors like to spend their vocations in the depths of the country. A case in point is Captain Robin Humphreys, who runs the Café de Paris. Is he at Deauville or Le Touquet? No. Does he continue to go to bed at 2 a.m.? No, again. I have just had a letter from him at Bideford, in Devon, written at 7.30 in the morning after he had gone to bed at about 10.15 p.m. the previous evening.



Yevonde

Miss Susan Roberts, whose wedding to the Hon. Somerset Maxwell will take place at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on October 14

IN THE CONSTITUENCIES



Topical

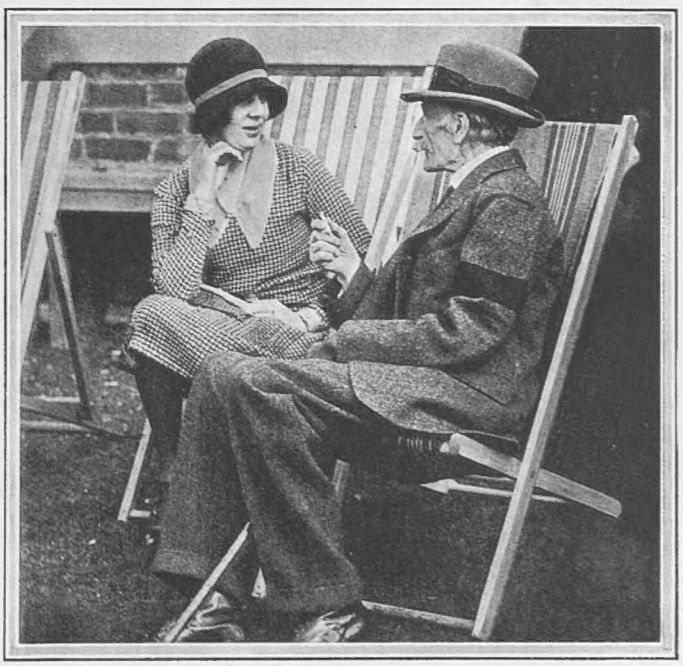
"MY FRIEND THE ENEMY"

Lord Beaverbrook enjoying a far from serious chat with Mr. James Maxton, the president of the I.L.P. and one of the most implacable of the Labour Party's Left Wingers. The photograph was taken just after Lord Beaverbrook had addressed the I.L.P. Summer School, at Welwyn, on Empire Free Trade

The Hon. Joshua Hinchcliffe, the Minister of Education in the Government of British Columbia, who has been on his first visit to England since the War. Mr. Hinchcliffe, who has done a great deal to educate the children in the history of the Empire, sailed for British Columbia last Saturday on the "Empress of Australia"

Ian Smith

Miss Marian Greig, whose engagement to Mr. John Allan Fraser Wallace, of Ceylon, has been announced. She is the daughter of Sir Robert Greig, Chairman of the Board of Agriculture for Scotland, and of Lady Greig



Laing

The Earl of Strathmore chatting with Princess Maud Lady Carnegie. The photograph was taken at Strathmore Cricket Park during a match between Strathmore and Lord Carnegie's XI

Praise for Devon

ACCORDING to Captain Humphreys the roads, the scenery, and the charm and courtesy of the people are marvellous. The markets are cheap and picturesque. The bathing, except near Bude Bay, is among the best in the world. The tennis clubs open to visitors are, even in small villages, superior to those of the French plages, as these are of grass as well as rubble. Above all, he writes, there is the golf that really *is* golf at Westward Ho! and Braunton, and Devonshire cream is very much in evidence. Will Devonshire newspapers please note!

Shaw on the Screen

MR. BERNARD SHAW'S final surrender to the films is not as unexpected as you might imagine. He has been playing with the idea for years. In 1928 he very nearly sold "Cashel Byron's Profession" to America, the

BERNARD SHAW AND THE TALKIES

idea being that Gene Tunney was to play the lead. That fell through, however, as Tunney's publicity man made him say, for the sake of publicity, that he thought it an unsuitable vehicle for a film. At which G.B.S. cheerfully said the same, and nothing more happened in connection with the making of a film. Shaw wanted £25,000 for the film rights of this novelette, which he wrote as a serial for a long-since defunct weekly paper.

Learning the Craft

SINCE then I have seen him at film after film intently studying the talkies. I expect he wishes he was thirty years younger so that now, having mastered their technique, in theory at least, he could write a scenario direct for the microphone. One thing is certain. Much as he would like to he will never go to America. He knows that the lionising he would have to undergo in that land of the free would kill him. He has had dozens of invitations, and has been offered hundreds of pounds merely to be present at prospective dinner-parties to be given by tuft-hunting hostesses.

Mr. Guy Townsend and Miss Davina Gordon photographed after their wedding, which took place on August 7. The latter is well known in the lawn tennis world, being an Essex County player who has competed in the Championships at Wimbledon for the last four years

Planet News

Capt. Richard Charles Wyndham, the son of Colonel Guy Wyndham, and his charming Norwegian bride, Miss Margrethe Warlfsberg, setting off on their honeymoon. They were married at the Kensington Register Office last week

Shaw and his Money

ONE of the greatest puzzles of modern literature is the question to whom G.B.S. will ultimately leave his money—and how much it will be, anyway. I once asked him. His reply was "it would cost you £50,000 to know, and that would throw all the legacies out of proportion." One thing is certain, it will be something in the neighbourhood of £400,000. What is equally certain, for I had it from his own lips, is that he will not leave a penny of it to the Labour party. His wife, having a private income which amounts to round about £2,000 a year, will probably not need to figure largely in this respect either.

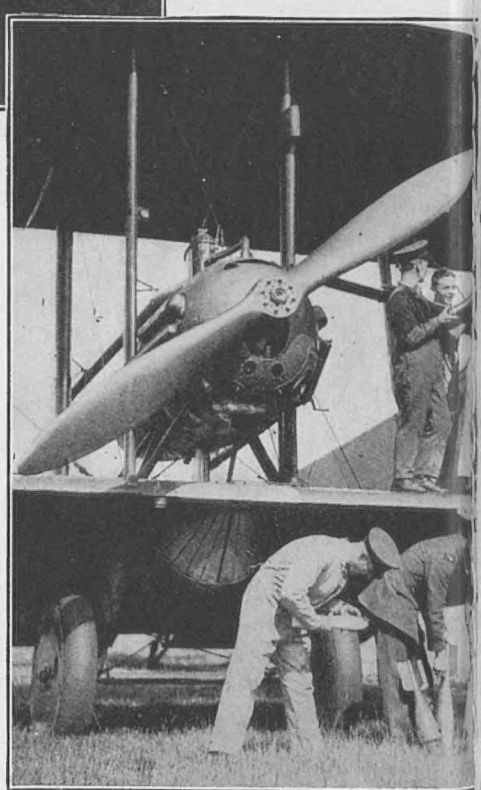
This Weather of Ours

ONE cannot pretend that the weather has been pleasant anywhere in Europe during the past ten days, except on the Riviera, from where Gertrude Lawrence has returned with a sunburn so conscientiously acquired that there are no marks on the front or back, even where the shoulder-straps of a bathing-dress might be expected to leave two white grooves.

It has rained in Ireland. It has rained in Scotland — there has seldom been so wet an opening to the grouse-shooting season, as Lord Lonsdale's Royal party will be the first to admit. It has rained in Le Touquet, Deauville, and North Wales.

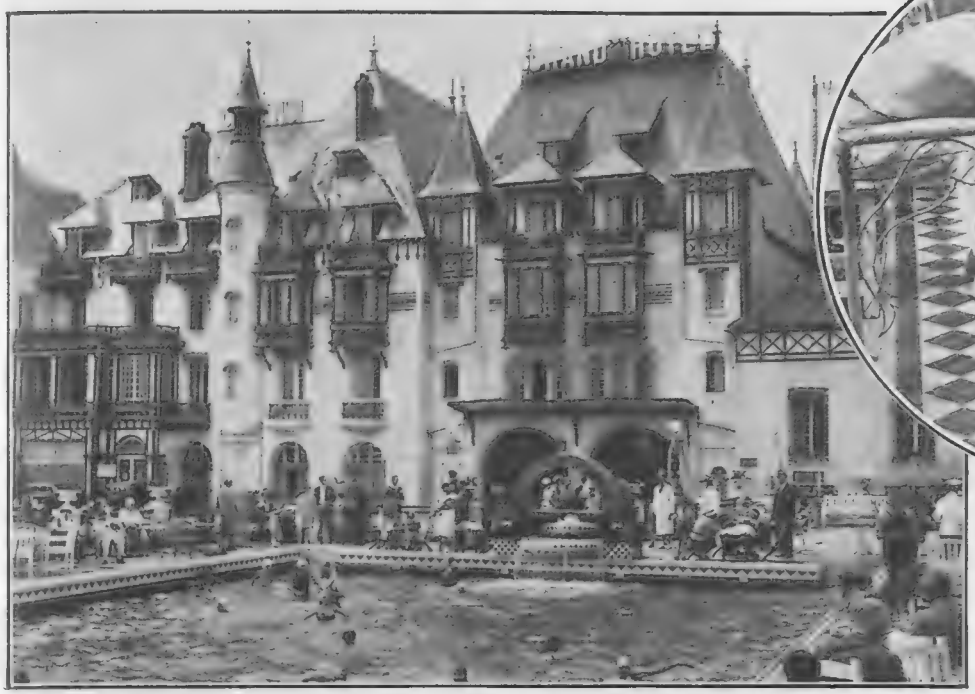
Pity Wales

IN the latter place it has been so cold, too, that people have been having large



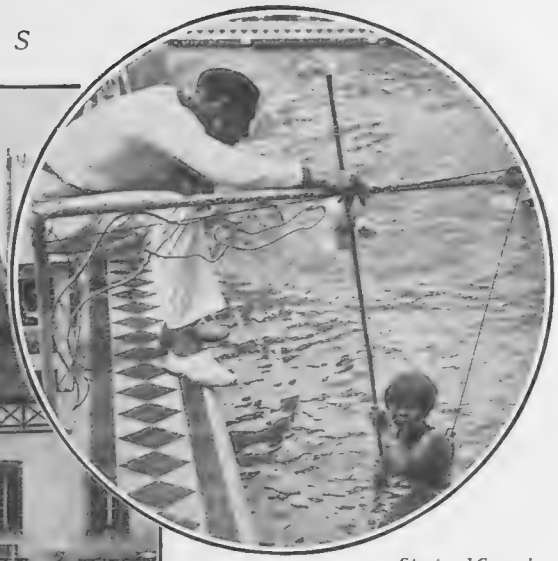
Loading up one of the giant bombers which took part in the Britain last week. The Prince of Wales once again proved machines taking part

SUNDAY GLOOM IN WALES



THE MORNING DIP Sport and General

Visitors to Pourville acquiring a proper zest for the morning apéritif in the swimming pool in the grounds of the Grand Hotel at Pourville. They will not have far to go, for tables are grouped conveniently round the sides of the bath



Sport and General

That it is not only Englishmen who take their pleasures sadly is proved by this little French kiddie. She hardly seems to relish her swimming lesson in the bathing pool at the Grand Hotel, Pourville

fires in their drawing-rooms. The weather may have changed now, but from August 6th to the 16th there was only five hours' sunshine. That is no joke, though, of course, all the golf courses have benefited. There is little humour, too, in the fact that it is impossible to buy a drink throughout Wales on a Sunday—or so I am told—unless you are a guest in an hotel. And then people talk of the Come to Britain movement!

P. & A.

great aerial "warfare" which was enacted over Great his keen interest in aeronautics by going up in one of the in the manœuvres

Which Are You ?

A FRIEND of mine, who has just abandoned North Wales in disgust, spent an entertaining half-hour in the Great Western Railway dining car on his way back to London. The head waiter is a philosopher who was once a footman. He divides his clients into four classes:

1. The tall, thin and gloomy.
2. The fat and cheerful.
3. The bad 'uns (which he says he can recognise immediately).
4. The fussy.

According to him we all fall into one of these four categories, though he says that those who used to be his best clients all travel by motor car nowadays.

The Prince's Favourite

HE himself has frequently had to serve Royalty. The Prince of Wales is apparently his especial favourite, as his equerry tips most lavishly, while H.R.H. in-

Sport and General

Mr. E. L. Kahn and Miss Enid Saunders making the most of the sun at Deauville. Although the sun is often conspicuous by its absence this year, visitors do not allow the lack of a heat wave to interfere with their outdoor recreations

MORE HORSES FOR YOUR NOTE-BOOK

Sport and General

The Mosquitoes, who beat the Pirates in the final round of the Gramont Cup at Deauville. The team comprises Mr. A. W. Mosslemans, Mr. G. A. Newmann, Mr. H. G. Morrison and Major P. Magor

variably asks for a cup of coffee and a kipper—nothing else. This preference is well known now on all the dining-cars, but the Prince's fondness for travelling by air prevents much use being made of it.

RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney"

We are approaching the Nursery season, and I hope my followers have kept a list of two-year-olds that have not yet won since I named them here. They will pay to follow.

The Scout II is being quietly wagered on to win the Doncaster St. Leger. I have taken long prices about Scout II and Singapore.

My weekly six are:—

CREME BRULEE was leading half way in the International Plate (five furlongs) at Kempton Park and would have been more closely concerned with the finish had he found his legs with more celerity.

RACING HINTS (continued)

Although the winner, Lady Marjorie, was a hot favourite, there was a steady stream of money for Lord Astor's candidate.

CORNETTE, carrying seven stone, was expected to win over seven furlongs at Kempton Park. She put up a game fight against Don Pat. Was unplaced in three previous races.

TRUNCH over five furlongs ran well to finish second to King's Colour. "Blower" money brought him down from 6 to 1 to 4 to 1. His fifth race and the only time placed. Should soon earn winning brackets.

CRIQUETTE COLT in a blinding drizzle at Lewes showed great promise over five furlongs to finish third to Pomme d'Argent and Eyes Off. In May last she ran second over a similar distance at Bath.

VALID ran neck and neck with Motor Boat at Kempton and proved that she is a game filly. Had previously won two races, and she will score again.

GREAT SAND was a genuine order at Nottingham. Finished fourth one mile and a half. Won over the same course in July.

I.B.

Miss Betty Dupree enjoying the exhilaration of surf-riding at Sea View, in the Isle of Wight. She is the daughter of Colonel Sir William Dupree

Sport and General

Young competitors in the Junior Lawn Tennis Tournament at Frinton raising a racket as they answer the call of the luncheon bell. The care-free way in which they face the lawn tennis would doubtless shock profoundly some of their "do or die" elders who are to be met—and met with—in open tournaments

BY TOM PURVIS

"Do you know the motif in that Russian composition they are playing over there?"

"By the sound I should judge it to be revenge!"

PARIS GOSSIP

DIGNITARIES, DIPLOMAS AND DRESSES

By Sylvia Lyon

THE most unexpected things can happen in Paris during the summer; but, after all, anything may happen during a summer that turns out to be a winter. The other day the Princesse Marthe Bibesco had just returned from London, where she was the guest of Sir Philip Sassoon, and had spent a week-end at Chequers as the guest of Ramsay MacDonald.

EN VACANCE

Prince George Bibesco, D.S.O. (left), Princesse Marthe Bibesco and Mr. Palairet, the British Minister at Bucharest. They are seen enjoying a holiday at Posava, which is in the Carpathians, near Sinaia

"I AM taking you to a small lunch party that Antoine Bibesco is giving at Laurent," she told me when I went to see her the morning after her arrival. "You will have to curtsey."

"Just because Antoine's play was produced in New York the other night?" I countered.

"He is having the Prince and Princesse Sixte de Bourbon," I was told. "Do you know him?"

"Oh, no, but I know who he is," I replied. "His picture was in the paper yesterday!"

THE day previous I had read an interview with Prince Sixte de Bourbon de Parme upon the celebration in Paris of "Les Trois Glorieuses," the three-day period in July, 1830, when the tricolour was established as the flag of France, and Louis Philippe was placed upon the throne. Prince Sixte de Bourbon is the great grandson of Charles X, the last Bourbon King of France, and he is one of the few direct living descendants of Louis XIV, the younger, or Orléans, branch only coming down from Louis XV.

He is forty-six (he told me so himself), but I already knew that he is a big-game hunter, historian, owner of the Château de Chambord, and is a brother of the Empress Zita. On reading the interview in the paper I had regretted not ever having met him so that I could write something about him for THE BYSTANDER.

AND here I was finding myself seated at lunch between His Royal Highness and Prince Antoine Bibesco. The latter's cousin, the Princesse Marthe Bibesco, sat on the other side of Prince Sixte de Bourbon, and she said to him, "This girl is really very intelligent, although you would never suspect it from her face. I consider it very remarkable that, considering the way the English dislike the Americans, she writes for an English paper." I really wish that Marthe had not said that so soon, as I wanted nonchalantly to ask the Prince if his nephew, the Archduke Otto, was really going to be restored to the throne of Hungary. But now it was impossible, for this cramped my style. I could no more ask interviewing questions than Arthur Rubinstein, who was at the other end of the table, would start to play the piano, instead of doing just what he should do: cheerfully tell how much fun he had had losing money playing baccarat at Deauville the other night.

THE Prince went on to say that last year, when he was making a long tour of exploration in Africa, he joined the motor caravan of Prince Georges Bibesco and Prince Eugène de Ligne. When their arrival was announced in a native village, the chief was so overwhelmed with alarm at the mention of so many princes in one party that he expected an invasion of Algerian sheikhs!

THE Princesse Sixte de Bourbon, who is very attractive and smart, was a La Rochefoucauld, and the daughter of the Duc de Doudeauville. She was on Antoine Bibesco's right, and said that she hopes the new Roumanian Minister in Paris, M. Cesiano, is a pleasant person, because last winter at seven dinners in succes-

"Studying for a diploma in the Sorbonne during August"

sion she was seated next to M. Diamandy, the former Minister here. And she is sure that wherever she goes this coming winter she will find herself seated next to a Roumanian.

SUMMER session is open in the college of Parisian life, and if you don't think that an original figure of speech you are perfectly right. I have unearthed one secret of the origin of the antics of thousands of students who invade Paris in the summer. I have discovered too late in my own life to be useful that for two hundred francs can be purchased a most impressive alibi. For this sum may be acquired a ticket for summer lecture courses at the Sorbonne. This card is good for one month, and at the end of this period you return to the University of Paris, have the ticket stamped, and receive an engraved diploma, or what looks like a diploma. This you send home to your rich old uncle to show him how hard you have been studying during your vacation.

I WAS asked the other day to take a friend's student card to the University to be stamped. I severely disapproved such a procedure, but finally gave in, when my friend said that he could not speak one word of French, and if he didn't send home some proof his allowance would be stopped.

"The Ritz bar is filled with fashion writers and fat-necked German buyers"

"'Le Parnasse' is designed in triangular shape, while one entire wall is made of mirrors"

Speaking of students there is a really good new bar and night club in Montparnasse, called "Le Parnasse." It is in that alluring building in the Rue Delambre where the most beautiful furnished studios can be rented by the day. So if a student's family follows him to Paris all he has to do is to rent a studio for twenty-four hours, install an easel, and show his mother what a great artist he has become.

"LE PARNASSE" is designed in triangular shape, while one entire tall wall is made of mirrors in which are reflected the circular motifs in the ceiling and balconies opposite. These balconies are of varying shapes—some square, some triangular. They are half open, giving space for private parties, while the dance floor and two very good bands are below. The place is an enormous success.

THESE are the days of dress collections, and the Ritz bar is filled with fashion writers and fat-necked German buyers who go about from table to table asking if you have seen Worth's collection in the same tone as if you had not yet seen the Taj Mahal. So far, I have seen only Chanel's, as it is so convenient, but a stumble from the Ritz. Her coats are especially marvellous: dark blue, with open, slashed revers, bone buttons, and a belted-in back or suggested waistline reminiscent of the plain, flaring coats men wore in 1830.

HER day dresses, thank heaven! are not too long, about fourteen inches from the ground, and the evening gowns just clear the floor. Some of the afternoon coats are of black cloth with little flounced shoulder capes, and some are of black satin, thinly quilted, and lined with white or red thinly quilted jersey. The waistline of these coats and the jackets of tailleurs is very subtle; it sways in gently, and touches the figure just above the hips.

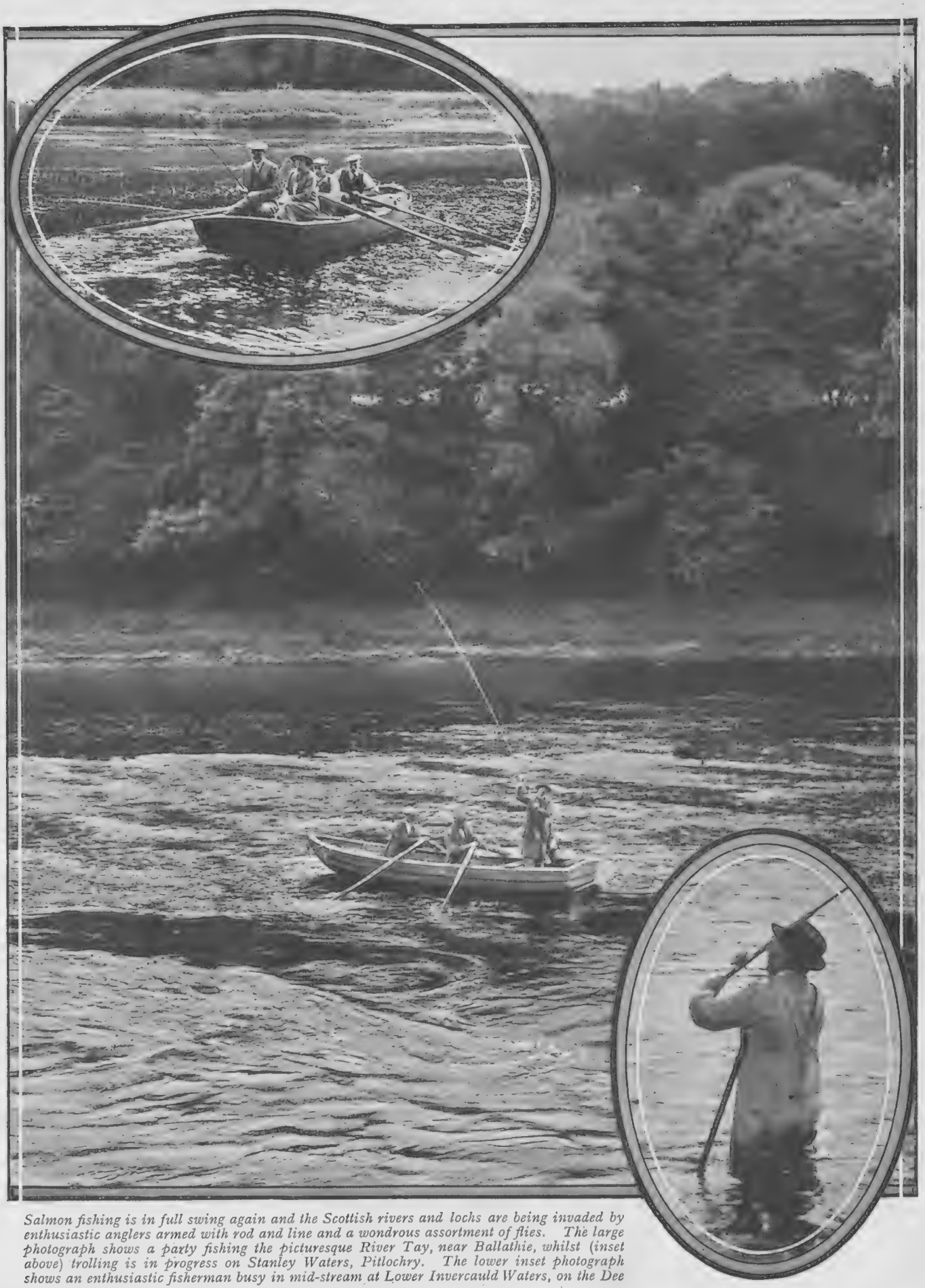
ON the stairs of blissful sighs overlooking the collection I saw Lady Abdy wearing a little black jersey hat shaped like that of a page's, tilted to one side, a beige sport suit over a white piqué waistcoat, black and white shoes, and those white gloves which have taken the place of all colours.

People are flying off here and there; the French have fled completely, and the only two Frenchmen true to type still left in Paris are *Topaze* and *Marius*, the only plays still running to filled houses.

S. L.

"The only two Frenchmen true to type left in Paris"

ON SCOTTISH WATERS



Salmon fishing is in full swing again and the Scottish rivers and lochs are being invaded by enthusiastic anglers armed with rod and line and a wondrous assortment of flies. The large photograph shows a party fishing the picturesque River Tay, near Ballathie, whilst (inset above) trolling is in progress on Stanley Waters, Pitlochry. The lower inset photograph shows an enthusiastic fisherman busy in mid-stream at Lower Invercauld Waters, on the Dee

BACK TO NATURE!

AT THE PLAY

A FRENCH PLAY & ENGLISH

JUST lately the part of the butler, who is so attractive that every one of his mistresses falls in love with him, has been taken over by Hugh Wakefield in place of Owen Nares, who has found himself the New "Man in Possession." Now Hugh Wakefield does not resemble Owen Nares any more than Owen Nares resembles a butler! Guitry made his character a butler and a lover. Owen Nares stressed the lover and thought little about the butler. Hugh Wakefield struck me as unconvincing as both butler and lover.

THIS actor has limitations. As a sozzled man-about-town he can make drunkenness appear entirely inoffensive as well as extremely funny. But to depict the butler of Guitry requires more than an ability to fold napkins into the shape of bishops' mitres; and to picture the respectful lover of Guitry it is necessary to indicate the underlying charm which makes it appear possible for women to fall for him.

IN addition to this Hugh Wakefield makes no attempt to depict a foreigner. Throughout the entire play he is the perfect English gentleman; as English indeed as Buena Bent and Nadine March as the two French servants, who also appear desirous of preserving their nationality—a form of patriotism somewhat misplaced in a French play with a very French atmosphere.

AS the lady who dreams about her butler, Jeanne de Casalis, has, of course, no difficulty in getting the right touch; but as the mistress of the French Cabinet Minister she gave but little hint that she had risen from nothing, and that, as she remarked, it

Felix Montignac (Evelyn Roberts), a member of the French Cabinet, "springs" a surprise on his mistress, Odette Cléry (Jeanne de Casalis)

Madeleine Crapicheau (Nadine March), lady's maid to Odette Clery, regards the political and social world with a certain amount of cynicism

"Désiré," at the New Theatre

SACHA GUITRY'S plays are the very dickens to adapt. There is something illusive about many of them which it is exceedingly difficult to reproduce in the English language, and, also, to get the full effect out of them they require the most perfect acting. I do not think it is altogether the fault of the adaptor, John Leslie Frith, that such a soufflé as *Désiré* should in English become rather a heavy pudding.

BUT where I think complaint may be justly laid at the adaptor's door is that he has altered the Guitry ending. In the French version the finish was left as nebulous as the dreams dreamt by the two principal characters, which are the essence of the play. In English an ending has been added, the meaning of which is as plain as a pikestaff.

ACTING — By Vernon Woodhouse

SKETCHES OF "DÉSIRÉ," AT THE NEW THEATRE, BY H. H. HARRIS

had "taken three years to make myself a well-bred woman." Just as Hugh Wakefield was always the English gentleman, so Jeanne de Casalis is always the French lady.

THERE was, however, an effort—a successful effort—by Evelyn Roberts as the French Cabinet Minister, and Clare Harris as a deaf woman, whose affliction causes most of the amusement in the last act, to cross the Channel in their representation of types; praise which may also be accorded to Henry Oscar as the young husband of the deaf woman. In fact, this last act would be the most amusing of the three, thanks to their efforts, but for the fact that at the back of it all one felt it an error in taste to hold deafness up to ridicule.

BUT the greatest error in taste lies in the English finish. Guitry left one guessing as to whether the butler possessed a mistress in both senses. At the New Theatre the curtain falls on the lady inviting the butler to come to her bedroom! This is dotting the t's and crossing the i's which Guitry never wrote with a vengeance, and is, I should think, the first time on record where a French play has been made still more "French" in the hope of appealing to English taste!

Odette Cléry (Jeanne de Casalis) somewhat horrified to discover that her secret thoughts tend in an amorous direction towards her butler, Désiré Tronchais (Hugh Wakefield), who is also something of a lady killer. "The Eyes have it!"

Dorothy Wilding

Cecily Byrne, who appeared in "Let Us Be Gay," the new comedy in which Tallulah Bankhead is starring," at the Lyric Theatre last Monday

"Marigold," at the Kingsway

THIS revival with a different cast to that which first performed this successful Scottish comedy is interesting in that it brings into prominence two actresses worth watching. Jean Clyde is not in the least like Jean Cadell, who made such a hit as Mrs. Pringle in the original production. The touch of the lemon was absent, though hardly missed, in a human and entertaining picture, while Sophie Stewart in the name part possesses great charm and should assuredly make a name for herself.

V. W.

Gossip

Keystone

SUMMER AND SPRING

June Wells, the well-known dancer, registering joie de vivre. Although the step she is performing is said to be "very popular in European Classical Dancing Schools," it is doubtful whether it found much favour in ancient Greece!

How anyone could ever have called London in August a city of the dead I cannot imagine. This year, with three hundred bishops running more or less amok in our streets, we have at any rate been spiritually alive. Most of the more cheerful cock-and-hen clubs, including Nash's and the Five Hundred, are temporarily closed, but Toby's, a brilliant exception, remains open, and was rewarded for its temerity the other night by the presence of a bishop. His lordship was in gaiters and apron, but he did not dance, though his drink was not teetotal. That is the reward for three months of immaculate behaviour. The Athenæum is closed until September 1, so what was a poor bishop to do?

I suppose it never struck the bishops assembled in conference at Lambeth to ask themselves why, of all London's public buildings, cathedrals and churches of the Anglican persuasion should be the most difficult of all to get into. Any continental city keeps its churches open all day—except, of course, the cities of Russia, where they just pull them down in the sacred cause of religious toleration. But in England, and particularly in London, most of them are bolted and barred, alike to the pious and the inquisitive. Some are open only at stated periods, which are always just not the periods that coincide with a visit. I understand that the obstacle is that the Church of England cannot afford to pay sufficient caretakers, vergers and so forth. The Church of Rome is rather more sensible about such matters.

"Have you asked your husband's advice about the matter?" "Not yet, dear. But I mean to as soon as I've decided what to do"

Exit the Royal Academy, enter the "Proms." I paid a last visit on the final Saturday to the Orpens and the Laverys, and to the veteran Sir David Murray's pleasant landscapes, and to Augustus John's not very pleasant pictures of Lord Spencer and Sir Gerald du Maurier, and to the work of Jimmy Gunn, and to the gold plate and to the "problems."

Being joined the next day by a friend who is invariably late for everything, and who had not seen this year's Academy at all, we tried, not very hopefully, to storm Burlington House on a Sunday. It was useless to attempt powers of persuasion, since there was not a soul to persuade. We pushed bells, pulled at other bells, knocked at this door and at that door,

IN SEARCH OF VICTORY Keystone

Sir Thomas Lipton being presented with bouquets by his godchildren, Alfred and June Bowker, on board the "Leviathan" at Southampton. Sir Thomas has sailed to follow the fortunes of "Shamrock V"

We Must.

By Wilson Flemming

MISS GORDON CONWAY *Janet Jevons*

The clever fashion artist who has designed many of the costumes and some of the stage sets for Charlot's Masquerade, which opens at the new Cambridge Theatre early in September. The cat is called "Mr. Wing"

but all to no purpose. The vast place seemed entirely deserted. I do not grumble at not being able to gain admission, for we had no right to ask for it. But is it safe to leave the pictures in this fashion? Unless, of course, the local officials and attendants consider that they are not worth stealing. Well, perhaps they are right.

ANYONE who says that Londoners are not musical should be taken to the "Proms." to watch hundreds of enthusiasts standing in discomfort for hours, neither daring, nor even able, to move on what is most incorrectly termed the "promenade floor." And certainly an equal number are turned away from the Queen's Hall nightly. In addition to this there are two large circles and the seats behind the orchestra chock-a-block with people.

THERE is nothing cheap about the programmes. There are no tit-bits inserted to ensure "a good house"; such devices are not necessary. The orchestral playing was always good. Now that, owing to B.B.C. co-operation, there is more money, it is better than ever, and Sir Henry Wood has a larger orchestra to direct. This popularity is one of the healthiest signs, artistically speaking, to be found in the whole of England.

THE death of Siegfried Wagner, in whose memory they played his

Special Press

LUNCHEON AT THE CECIL

Since the Cecil Hotel was first built by Mr. Hobbs—of Liberator infamy, not cricket fame—it has witnessed many unusual banquets. Now it is in the hands of the house-breaker, who, like the "dear little cherub," is perched up aloft enjoying a snack before getting down to work

"Who would have thought a year ago that to-day we should be sitting in the shade of our own apple tree?"

Wide World

Sir Oswald Mosley, the "young hope" of the Labour Party (or "Lord Mosley" as he was styled by the photographer), about to take a dip at Juan-les-Pins where the Mediterranean Sea is far less troubled than the Sea of Politics in which he has been plunging to some effect

mighty father's mighty funeral march at the first Wagner concert, was very sad. He came over here fairly frequently, stopping, usually, at an hotel in Kensington, and he spoke English well. Inevitably Siegfried was underrated, just because he was the son of his father. As a composer he was certainly not in the front rank, nor anywhere near it. But he was a far better conductor than he was usually given the credit for being, and as an operatic producer he had few rivals. The actual stage presentations at Bayreuth, which are the finest in the world, owe almost everything to Siegfried.

S

I MET him many times and found him a genial little man, full of kindness and fun, fond of good wine and a good dinner, and immensely good-natured with the swarms of American tourists who used to overrun his house. It was only when they used to come armed with hammers and chisels to chip pieces off the tomb, in the garden at the back of the house, of the great Richard that he was moved to protest. In short, Siegfried Wagner had not one-tenth of the genius of his father. But I am prepared to bet that he was a ten times nicer man in every possible way.

S

TALKING of American tourists, Paris, when I passed through last week, I found strangely devoid of Parisians, who are airing themselves at the various plages. But the tourists from the U.S.A. continue to arrive in vast boat-loads. The figures

By Starr Wood

"Cheer up, Mrs. Jones. A month will soon pass"
"Yes, I know, dearie. And there was me thinkin' he'd get at least six!"

THE SILLY SEASON

THE Londoner's in Scotland,
The Countryman's in Town,
The roads have nearly all come up,
The blinds have all come down.
The theatres are deserted
The streets are dull and drear,
In fact, it's very plain to see
That Town's as slow as it can be
For everyone's by moor or sea—
The Silly Season's here.

The club's are trumps no longer,
Their members all have fled,
They do not doze in armchairs now
But on the sands instead.
Sea Serpents from the vasty deep
Come once again to cheer
The readers of the "Daily Wail"
When all important items fail
(Though tedious is the twice-told tail)—
The Silly Season's here.

But one sign still is lacking,
To mark the dull dog days,
And cheer us once again upon
Our drab and dreary ways;
But when once more those photographs
We love so much appear,
Which show us Bernard Shaw at play
In bathing costume wildly gay,
Why, then we truthfully can say—
"The Silly Season's here!"

B. W.

Wide World

T. GLASSES C FASHION ND THE ULD OF ORM

P Retief (South Africa), Elsie W (England), and Peggy D an (South Africa) at Cape G Nez, where they are in t ning for the annual Channel-swimming season

are above the normal even for August, and "le crack de Wall Street" does not seem to have made a dime's worth of difference.

WITHOUT comment, I cull the following item of news from an American paper published in Paris:—

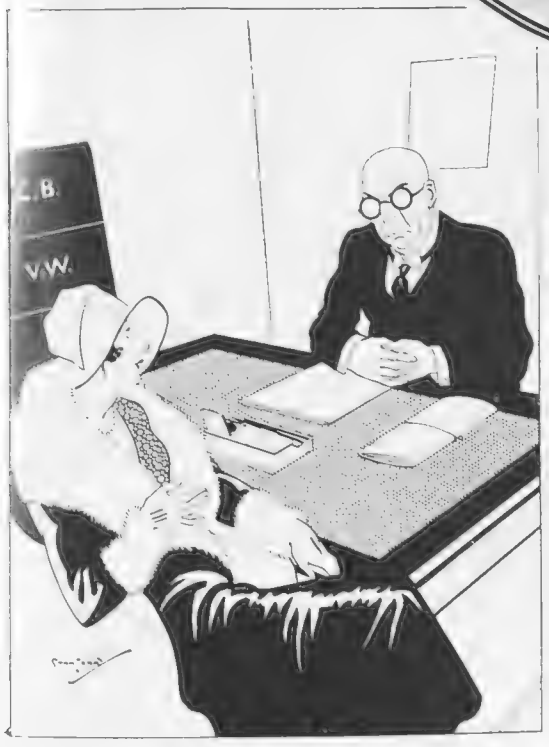
> After some touching spirituals and the giving of a prayerful address by Mrs. ——, deaconess, of Chicago, the Gold Star mothers then climbed into motor buses in order to see Paris by night.

IF the new Grosvenor House is, outwardly, an excrescence that appeals by the sheer impudence of its hideous incongruity, there is some compensation in the fact that it has been the cause of the publication of an extremely handsome little handbook, describing its internal beauties and the historical association of the neighbourhood into which it has intruded. Since I would far sooner read about Grosvenor House than look at it, I have enjoyed immensely "The History of Hyde Park and the Home of the Grosvenors," by Sir Max Pemberton. Not only has Sir Max written charmingly about Tyburn, Pepys, Queen Caroline, and so forth, adorning his history with plenty of jam; there is also honesty in the description of London's sky-scraper, for it is called "a staggered pole."

NEEDLESS to say, the interior of this further step in the Americanisation of London is all that it should be in the way of comfort and luxury, and should bring vivid suggestions of the super-hotels of Chicago and New York. The illustrations in colour of the bedrooms and suites bear tribute to the abilities as a designer of Mrs. Fargo Thomas, of New York, who, obviously, should go far. I was interested to learn, in the course of the ecstatic description of the banqueting facilities, that, "If the occasion is rather more informal—perhaps Junior has reached his majority—Grosvenor House can ensure a jolly evening." We do not yet in England refer to our sons as "Junior." But it can't be very long before we are Yanked into doing so.

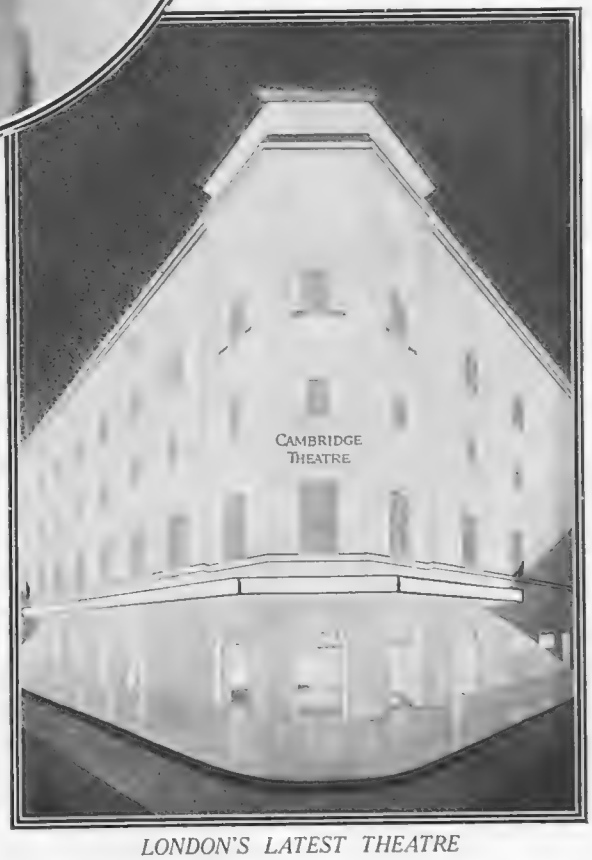
BEATRICE LILLIE

Who has returned from the States where she has long enjoyed a big personal success. She is now hard at work rehearsing for Andre Charlot's revue which opens next month



By Stan Terry

"But what grounds have you for a divorce?"
"The brute threatened to send my Borzoi back to the Soviet!"



LONDON'S LATEST THEATRE

The new Cambridge Theatre, in Seven Dials, which opens its doors on September 4. The first show to be seen there is Charlot's Masquerade in which Beatrice Lillie will play lead

The American's Guide To London

Now that London has been given over almost exclusively to road-breakers and visitors from overseas, the time has come for us to rally round with a really well-informed and helpful guide to the great Metropolis. Thus, when the joys of the American Bar at the Savoy begin to pall, and the Carlton Grill Room loses its first fine careless rapture, those visitors who have come over here from the land of Hooch, Hold-Ups and Hoover may sally forth on a voyage of discovery with the sure and certain knowledge that they won't waste their time looking at buildings which, although doubtless of age, interest, and charm, are not "on the map" as far as the guide-books are concerned. Here goes, then:—

Piccadilly Circus.—A perfectly rectangular space in the West End. It has long been famous for its statue of Eros, which can be seen by all sight-seers who visit the Circus if they hire a taxi to take them to a destination unknown, where they may unearth the missing masterpiece.

The Strand.—A thoroughfare down which natives used to go to consume bananas. It was really made for the express purpose of housing the Savoy, a hostelry where American is spoken by most of the staff and by all the visitors. The Strand should appeal particularly to citizens of Chicago who miss their daily hold-up, for here they will find a daily hold-up of traffic which often lasts for hours.

The Adelphi.—Like Africa, this locality is beloved of "lion" hunters, and shelters many of the brightest boys in the literary world. Visitors to this neighbourhood, which is famed chiefly for being adjacent to the Tivoli Cinema, should not fail to inspect all the outstanding features of the place, including those of Jimmie (Peter Pan) Barrie, and the flat which Georgy B. Shaw used to occupy before being summoned to (Whitehall) Court.

The Ritz.—This quaint little inn should appeal to all good Americans in search of typical Old English country fare. It was so named especially to give point to that pleasing Americanism, "Puttin' on the Ritz." The Ritz overlooks Green Park, but cannot overlook people who drink the water in their finger-bowls.

Houses of Parliament. — An archaic institution which exists almost solely in order to vote vast sums to America in payment of Reparations. In the seventeenth century a Mr. G. Fawkes attempted to blow up Parliament and its Members by firing gunpowder in the vaults, but public enterprise has diminished since those days, and the blowing up of Members is now left to newspaper Lords. Visitors should not fail to inspect the quaint little Liberal Party. Telescopes can be hired from the Speaker for this purpose.

St. James's.—That part of the West End where Clubs are Trumps, although it would take the Last Trump to awaken some of the members. If possible, an invitation should be procured for "Whoopee Night" at the Athenæum. Comic noses, hats and streamers are distributed on these occasions, and it is worthy of note that at the time of going to press this club has not been raided by the police.

Hyde Park.—A large, open space designed especially to embrace Mr. Lansbury's Wash House. The miles of grass are generally recognised as being the finest litter receptacle in the world. If the weather is cold, hot air in plenty can always be obtained at the Marble Arch, where a special squad of stump orators have been installed for the purpose of providing this.

Burlington House. — The building in Piccadilly where all that is best in British art is exhibited every year. (For further details see any artist whose work has NOT been hung.)

Chelsea.—The haunt of dull stockbrokers who dress like famous artists, and famous artists who dress like dull stockbrokers. Seekers after La Vie Bohême should note that there is only one place in Chelsea where you can get a REAL kick out of life, and that is at the football ground at Stamford Bridge.

Soho.—This district being the home of foreign restaurants, it is the favourite dining-out locality of the average Englishman. It is ruled by a body of gentlemen called maitres d'hôtel, whose motto is, "It's oil for the best."

The British Museum.—One of the liveliest and most go-ahead of all the places of entertainment, it is London's equivalent to Luna Park. Visitors should not fail to inspect the unique collection of fossils. These are easily recognised by the fact that they carry bulging umbrellas and are extremely absent-minded.

The Tower of London. — An ancient fortress surrounded by one moat and about two hundred warehouses. Visitors should inspect the Crown jewels, which are so fine that they look nearly as good as those to be seen at any theatrical costumiers. Here they have one Bloody Tower, but the other buildings are really not too bad.

By Frank Ford

"I am sure these sports stockings will please you, madam. Fast colours, won't shrink, go with anything, warm in winter and cool in summer, will wear for ever It's a *wonderful* yarn"
"It is. And *very* well told!"

BY AYERST YOUNG

ENGLAND'S POLO TEAM

After much experimenting and many chops and changes the team to meet the Americans at Meadowbrook was finally settled, and Capt. C. T. I. Roark, Capt. R. George, Mr. Lewis Lacey and Mr. G. Balding now represent England. They, together with Mr. A. Roark, who is one of the reserves, are depicted above

THESE CHARM

BY PUYS

ARMING PEOPLE

Player's Please

I always smoke them

FILM NOTES

BRITAIN TAKES THE LEAD. By Lionel Collier

Dorothy Boyd and A. Bromley Davenport in George King's talkie, "Too Many Crooks," the Fox production at the New Gallery. Mr. Lawrence Olivier, who stars in this picture, will be remembered as having played the lead in the stage version of "Beau Geste"

DURING the last few weeks three British films of interest have been shown. Films which show that we have the opportunities and resources in this country to counteract the flood of American pictures with entertainment of an equal, if not superior, nature. Two out of the three, "The Yellow Mask," and "Two Worlds," are open to adverse criticism on various counts, and I propose to deal with them next week.

THIS week I need quite a good deal of space to eulogise the last of the trio, "Murder," which, in my opinion, is easily one of the most constructive and cleverly designed talkies we have had from any country; I put it on a par with "The Blue Angel" for sheer ingenuity of direction and imaginative use of cinematic art.

THE producer of this brilliant adaptation of Clemence Dane's murder story, "Enter Sir John," is Alfred Hitchcock, who has long been recognised as one of the most promising of English directors. Sometimes he has not quite come off in his silent features, but he certainly made pictures which deserved criticism, and in "Blackmail" gave us one of the most interesting of the earlier essays into sound technique. He has carried his art still farther in "Murder," and, moreover, has been backed by a cast which is, without exception, flawless.

THE story is an ingenious one. Sir John, an actor, serves on the jury at the murder trial of a young actress who seems to be circumstantially incapable of being innocent. He is not convinced, and, by applying his knowledge of drama to the problems of life, discovers the real murderer, and brings him to justice—or, rather, so plays on his conscience that he commits suicide and leaves a note confessing his guilt. Sir John brings this about by emulating the play scene in *Hamlet*. It is all very ingeniously constructed, and, as presented by Hitchcock, wholly convincing. If one analyses it closely, it does not ring so true, but that is all the more to the credit of the producer, who keeps you so held and interested both in his characters and action that you do not seek to delve too deeply into obvious fallacies.

WHAT are the reasons for Hitchcock's undoubted success? In the first place, he has kept rigidly before him a camera, and thus a pictorial sense. He has not been flurried into imagining that one must continually have dialogue flung at one simply because the microphone has rendered speech possible. He tracks with his camera,

(Left) Will Rogers in "So This is London," the Fox Movietone production now at the New Gallery

Maurice Chevalier tells Claudette Colbert "all about it." A scene in his latest talkie, "The Big Pond," now at the Carlton

"Murder"—a dramatic scene from this film, mystery thriller, "Enter Sir John."

and so covers space and time without destroying the continuity, as is imperative on the stage with its change of scene due to mechanical limitations. Then he has used his imagination in suggesting characteristics of his players and creating atmosphere in the environment or situation he has before his notice.

An example of what I mean can be gathered from a scene in which Sir John, having served on the jury and given his vote of guilty, stands before his mirror shaving the next morning, soliloquising on the trend of events. He continues the operation of shaving, and his face expresses the doubts of the convicted woman's guilt. His lips do not move, but speech is heard "off" synchronised with the expressions that chase each other across his troubled countenance. In this way the absurdity of the stage soliloquy is overcome quite naturally.

Then, again, he gets perfect environment from the characters he presents, which strike one as real and true to life. The trial scene is particularly vivid, as are the types which form the jury. The man, for instance, who cannot believe the girl guilty because she is pretty; the amiable idiot who cannot make up his mind at all; the strong-minded woman with ideas on psychology and "possessions"; and the man who thinks justice can be served neither by imprisonment nor hanging.

It is interesting to note in these sequences that Hitchcock has borrowed some of the technique of the wireless play. He forms his jury towards the end into a sort of nightmare chorus reiterating facts in a toneless monotone, thus showing the effect it is having on the brain of Sir John, who, while unconvinced, yields to its cold and reiterated logic.

Claire Dodd, Florenz Ziegfeld-Samuel Goldwyn show girl, as she appears in "Whoopee," which is directed by Thornton Freeland. "Whoopee," recently finished in Hollywood, is the first show actually produced by Ziegfeld to reach this side of the Atlantic

which has been adapted from Clemence Dane's It is B.I.P.'s third bi-lingual talkie

I hope I have to some extent made clear the ingenuity that goes to make this one of the most notable talking pictures to date. But I would like to emphasise once again that it is very largely due to the fact that Hitchcock has relied so much on silent film technique that it is as great as it is.

One feels that one ought to mention every one of the artistes individually and congratulate each separately on the part he or she played. One hears so often of the dearth of talent in this country that it is a very genuine pleasure to see the contention so completely answered by the cast under review.

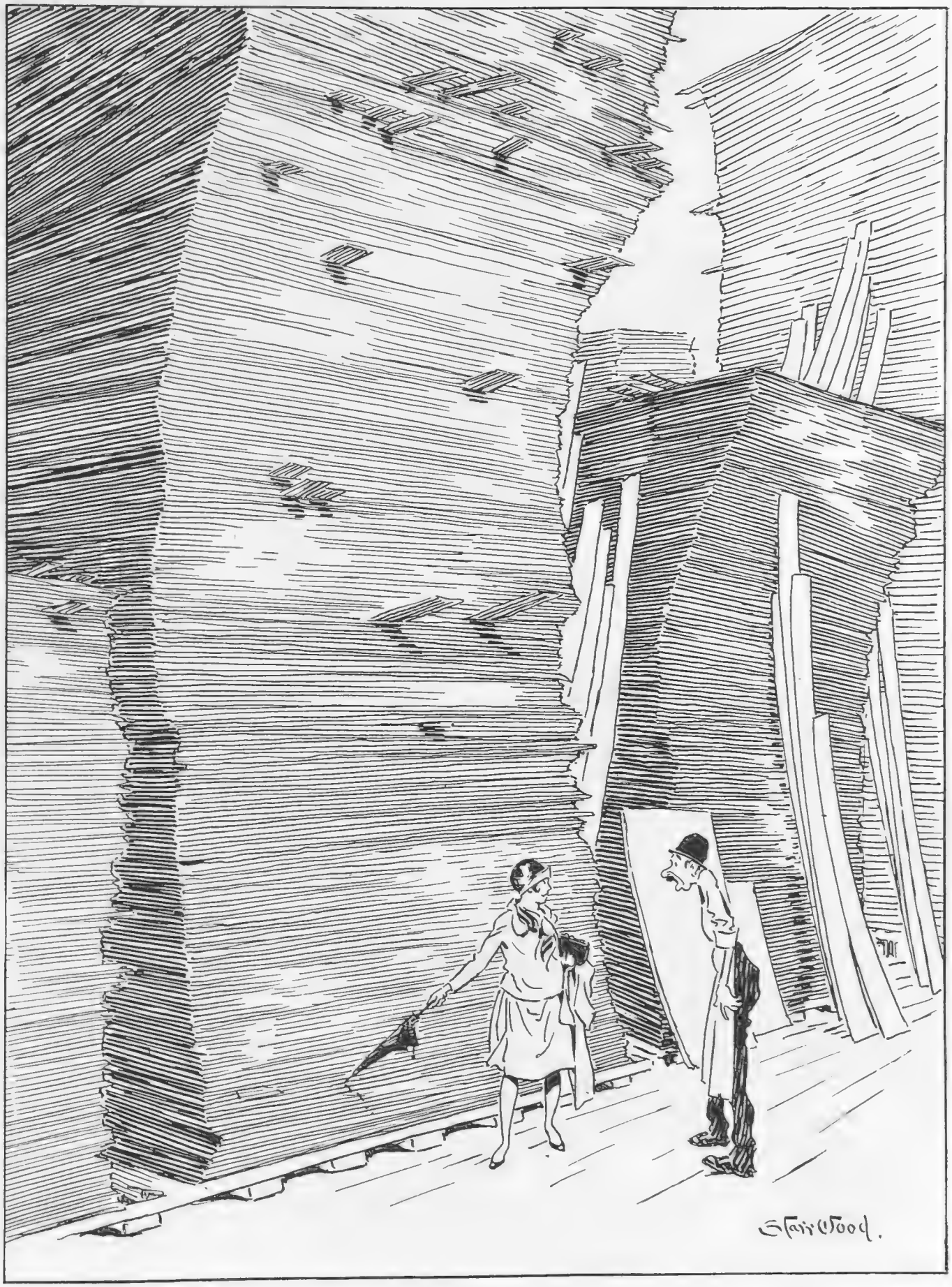
Herbert Marshall is magnificent as Sir John. I would not like to venture an opinion as to what actor knight he is representing, but I must confess to feeling very strongly that he is portraying a living person. Norah Baring suggests the girl who does not know whether she has committed murder or not most admirably. Her bewildered helplessness strikes an irresistible note of pathos.

Then we come to the brilliant characterisation of the touring manager and his wife as portrayed by Edward Chapman—notable, too, by the way, in "Juno and the Paycock"—and Phyllis Konstam. They live, and one can say nothing more.

Then there is the murderer, who only comes in at the end of the story. He is played by Esmé Percy in a way which simply compels admiration. It is a fine study of the type he is supposed to represent.

Mr. Hitchcock can, indeed, congratulate himself on having given the producers of the world a lead in how sight and sound can be favourably blended into a completely artistic and dramatically satisfying whole.

L. C.



BY STARR WOOD

"I want a board with a straight grain; show me that one"

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

ARABIAN NIGHTS

By
BARBARA BACK
Illustrated by Lindsay Cable

GEOFFREY MERCER was a simple creature. A small inheritance enabled him to lead an uneventful life. He meandered through the day's amusements, luncheon, a "spot" of bridge, a cocktail party, the theatre, and so on. He was rather like a goldfish in its quiet aquarium. Each translucent wall was the same, the distorted views from them much the same; and with the same unfailing regularity a certain sequence of kindred and unexplained events confronted him on his rather aimless peregrinations. Now and again the architecture of the aquarium assumed a new and surprising form, but it soon became familiar, and round he went again. A gold-fish, but not devoid of charm.

IT was, indeed, his charm that saved him. His expression, docile and with a hint of perplexity; his height, his curly, slightly greying hair, his dress, his manner, were not out of the common; but there was something about him that made princesses notice him and parlourmaids lie down and adore.

"'E's so quiet about the 'ouse, 'm," said the maid of one of the Society Ladies whose home he frequented. Her secretary thought he was "such a gentleman"; her husband, a bluff creature, said that he was a moral eunuch.

"She had, to show her sympathy with him, told him stories of her experiences in other cases"

BUT the trouble with Geoffrey was that in his salad days he had been rash enough to marry. Not that his wife bothered him in the flesh, for he had not seen her for three or four years; but her very existence preyed upon his nerves until, in a moment of clinical curiosity, he found his temperature was subnormal; and that seriously worried him.

"I don't mind a few degrees above normal," he said to a friend. "A slight fever is nothing to worry about. But to be below normal seems frightfully sinister. Look, it's only ninety-six!" His friend merely laughed at him. But the symptom continued until Geoffrey came to the conclusion that it must be worry.

He confided his trouble to the Society Lady. "Why don't you divorce her, Geoffrey, darling?" she said. "It won't cost you any more in the long run, and it would be cheap to have your temperature put right for a hundred pounds or so."

This suggestion frightened him to death. Divorce was the devil of a business. But the low temperature persisted, and his fear of it continued to haunt him, and the repeated advice of his friends to divorce her eventually stiffened him to the point of doing something definite for the first time in his life, and at last he dragged himself off to his solicitors.

Everyone had told him that it was perfectly easy to get a divorce, and, being a simple creature, he had believed them. But he soon discovered that even the law of England, which he had hitherto regarded as a machine not calculated to worry a good citizen, seemed to conspire to throw him into fresh discomforts. There were no difficulties so far as his wife was concerned; she appeared rather to welcome the legalisation of their separation: but the business of arranging the matter was profoundly more complicated than he had ever supposed.

His solicitors first told him rather bluntly that the great danger was the appearance of collusion, and then instructed him as to how he must proceed. He only partially understood this; so he sought out a friend who had been through it, and asked for details.

"It's as easy as clockwork," the friend said. "You've only got to go away for the night with a girl and be seen having breakfast with her in your dressing-gown. Tip the wink to your wife's lawyers, and they'll hire one of those incompetent asses they call private detectives to hang about the hotel you're staying at, and there you are!"

IT all sounded easy enough when it was put like that. But how the devil, Geoffrey asked himself as he lay back in a chair at his club, could he spend the night with a woman he'd never seen before and didn't care a button about? He would feel under a moral obligation to her ever afterwards.

(All rights strictly reserved)

He visualised the sordid horrors of the affair. Would she expect something more than money? Would she even try to seduce him? Oh, damn it, he couldn't do it!

"Don't be such an owl," said Dick Thomas. "You've only got to spend the night in the same room. You can sit on each side of the fire all night, if you like. Play cards or something. I know a party who'll do the job for a tenner."

"Leave me alone and let me do it my own way," replied Geoffrey. But he found the business was beyond his unaided resources, and a few days later an arrangement was made with a certain Daisy Sullivan on Dick's introduction. She was a rather smart young thing, unpleasantly loud in her appearance and manner—which was an advantage, as Dick pointed out, since the hotel servants would be sure to remember her and her companion.

Geoffrey continued to make difficulties. "Can't we do without the detective?" he asked. "You all seem to think I'm a millionaire. As a matter of fact I'm damned hard-up. This business will ruin me before I'm done with it."

At long last, however, he suddenly went off with Miss Sullivan to a temperance hotel of the more magnificent kind in Bloomsbury, where he spent an agonising night and an uncomfortable moment with his conscience at the reception office when he wrote in the visitors' book: "Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Mercer. Slough."

But it had not been quite as awful as he had feared. Daisy, for all her flashiness, had shown a nice sense of their position. She had, to show her sympathy with him, told him stories of her experiences in other cases; but although he had spent as much time in the bathroom as he could, he had found the night unconscionably long.

He posted the compromising hotel bill to his solicitors, who in due course passed it on to his wife's. And he dismissed the whole business from his mind until he got a letter from his lawyer to say that the hotel at which he had stayed refused to allow the inspection of their visitors' book. He did not quite understand what this meant; so he went to see him.

"My dear boy," said the lawyer, "you're so precipitate. You rush at this like a bull at a gate. You don't really think you can select any hotel at random, do you? These things have to be most carefully arranged. You should have come to me first. Now there's a hotel at Northsea where no difficulties will be made. We could no doubt come to an agreement with Mrs. Mercer's solicitors for a detective to . . ."

GEOFFREY fled from the office. He couldn't stand the ignominy of another experience like the last, and in his club he silently raged against the idiocy of a country's laws which bound together two people whose temperaments made each other's life a hell.

But as the days passed he realised that he must make another effort, however frightful the prospect was. Eventually, he steeled himself for the ordeal.

Northsea was only an hour's run from London, and on that summer evening it seemed to Geoffrey that a more delightful spot could not be found for a surreptitious honeymoon. But as he and the inevitable Daisy drove through the streets lit with the glow of sunset and the radiant faces of the holiday-makers, he could only think of the miserable hours ahead.

"Mind you tip like blazes," his worldly friend had said. "There's nothing like a good tip to consolidate the features of the giver in the menial mind."

And tip he did, and each servant seemed as many-handed as the queer Indian gods he had seen in the British Museum.

DAISY had brought with her a remarkable number of bags and hat-boxes. Her ingenuity had even gone to the extent of plastering them with foreign hotel labels.

"You can buy 'em quite easily," she told him. "I believe there's a regular trade in them. And it looks better if we're only spending the night. As if we were birds of passage, if you know what I mean."

Geoffrey hung about the corridors of the hotel as long as he dared. Daisy had discreetly disappeared. He supposed he ought to take her out somewhere, but though his conscience pricked him, he felt he could not face her inanity. He ordered a drink, and lounged despondently about the glass verandah overlooking the sea.

In the reception office Miss Saunders cast a casual eye over the visitors' book before going to bed. Across the entrance hall she could see the young man who had arrived that evening staring moodily through the glass into the night. "Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Mercer. London." Honeymoon couple most likely, she thought, and sighed. What was he doing there alone, poor young man? A lovers' tiff? —perhaps their first. . . And such a nice young man, too. He had looked at her so kindly when she had pushed the book over to him, and he had had such a bashful air of hesitation when he wrote the names down. . . .

Upstairs Daisy Sullivan laid down her first novel and yawned. She wondered whether it was really worth ten pounds to be so bored. He seemed a bit of a mug, this Mr. Mercer, but he might at least have the decency to take her out. Such a lovely night, too.

The door clicked. It was Geoffrey coming back from the bathroom. He stood miserably before her.

"You've got a passion for bathrooms, haven't you? " she said.

He looked so appealingly at her that she regretted her sneer. But they could think of nothing more to say to each other. So they played a half-hearted sort of game of cards together.

"Why don't you go to bed and have a sleep? " he said at last.

"Oh, I'm all right," she replied brusquely, stifling another yawn and taking up her book again. "Have a look at the other," she suggested, pushing over the second novel.

In the morning the hideous pretence of breakfast in bed was enacted again, this time for the benefit of a simpering chambermaid. After the meal Daisy threw off her gaudy dressing-gown and started to powder her face.

"Doesn't she ever wash? " he thought with a shudder.

DOWNSTAIRS Miss Saunders, looking to see if they had made it up as they left the hotel, found herself possessed of a pound note which the nice young man had smuggled into her hand. . . .

Two days later Geoffrey received the following letter:—

"Dear Sir,

We are sorry to inform you that owing to an oversight on the part of our friends, Messrs. Wagstaffe, Williams and Crump, the detective who was to have called at the Hotel Splendide, Northsea, on the day before yesterday, was instructed to go to the Hotel Belvedere. Our friends very much regret this mistake on their part, and have informed us that in the circumstances they will not charge their client with the cost of this particular investigation.

"Yours faithfully,
"SLIGHT AND SIMPSON,
"per pro J. H. S."

THIS was too much! He showed the letter to the Society Lady, determined that this should see the end to his ridiculous efforts for release. But, calmly and masterfully, she explained to him that it was now not only foolish to give in, but that it was absurd to spend money for nothing.

So a week later, once more keyed up to the required pitch of courage, he found himself once again accepting the visitors' book from the sympathetic hands of Miss Saunders of the Hotel Splendide. Again he took up his stand on the verandah and watched the crowds passing slowly along the esplanade. "Futile way of spending their time," he thought, really envying them.

The minutes passed like hours. At ten o'clock a voice at the reception desk attracted his attention. A stranger had come in and was lounging with an air of familiarity across the counter. Geoffrey's heart beat fast. The detective! It must be. He looked like one. Geoffrey strained his ears and rejoiced to hear the man ask:

"Got a Mr. and Mrs. Mercer 'ere? "

But Miss Saunders was tired.

"The book's locked up for the night," she said crossly.

"Oh, all right," said the stranger. "I'll look you up in the morning. Bye-bye."

So that was how it was done. Geoffrey went up to the bedroom. Daisy was lolling in the only armchair, with her everlasting novel. He eyed her now with definite dislike.

"Aren't you going to the bathroom? " she asked.

He made no answer.

"We shall be getting quite used to each other soon, shan't we?" she remarked.

"I've just seen the detective downstairs," he said.

"Well, thank God! " she yawned. "If you don't mind I think I'll go to bed this time."

He made another pilgrimage to the bathroom while she undressed. At any rate, he would be able to have the armchair this time. . . . They had agreed that it would be sufficient for the purposes of identification if they had their morning tea brought up to them; and so Geoffrey, who enjoyed a good breakfast, went downstairs without her.

There was a bright and cheerful air about the hotel, and the sunlight was streaming into the breakfast-room. People nodded good-morning to him. The meal was unaccountably good, the waiters obsequious to a fault. After he had finished he lit a cigarette and strolled out towards the lounge. In the hall the jaunty stranger of the evening before was just passing out through the revolving doors.

Geoffrey presently became aware of the young lady in the reception office. She was making strange sounds and beckoning to him. She was very flushed.

"I do hope as you'll forgive me, Mr. Mercer," she said hurriedly, "but I think you ought to know you're being watched. That was a detective just gone out. He said he'd been instructed by your wife's solicitors, and wanted to see the visitors' book. He was in last evening, too. It's a shame for gentlemen like you to be pestered so!"

"Well, I hope he got what he wanted," said the exultant Geoffrey.

"No fear!" She looked at him almost affectionately. "I tore out the page with your names on it!" B. B.

IN SCOTLAND NOW

A view of the Gleneagles Hotel Queen's Course. The photograph shows the short 190 yards seventeenth hole called the Hinny Mure Hole

"It brings back some of our gold from the United States in return for objects of no great national value"

ARE YOU A GENIUS?

By J. A. Hammerton

In this week's "Literary Show," the causerie which Mr. J. A. Hammerton contributes fortnightly to "The Bystander," the author has much that is pertinent to say on the financial value of a distinguished name in the world of letters. Several instances of the selling of autographed MSS. are cited in this interesting article

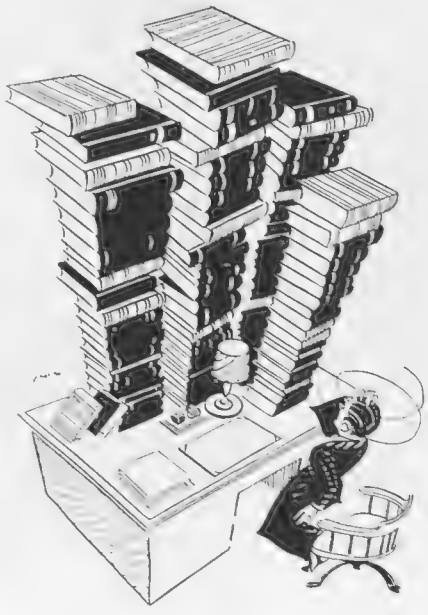
"Never in my personal appearance or activities presented any peculiarities"

You never can tell! Judging by the number of new literary geniuses to whom we are introduced every week, the supply is inexhaustible. And think of all the other arts, sciences, and vocations, with their present high birth-rates of genius! Doubtless all the £10,000-a-year American women who recently honoured England with a visit are geniuses in their different ways. I am tempted to raise this question because I chanced recently upon some paragraphs of protest which I printed in the late 'nineties against the *Daily Chronicle's* policy, under H. W. Massingham's editorship, of discovering at least one new literary genius every week. In those days the *Chronicle* was alone in its feverish quest of new genius; to-day our whole Press is so ardently engaged in this jolly game that I grow dizzy trying merely to memorise the names of these latest stars.

A sure sign of genius is to have your book banned by the libraries, and as only "certain booksellers" have done Mr. Thomas Wolfe that honour, I am left in doubt about the completeness of his genius until I find time to read "Look Homeward, Angel." But it is evident that genius is much commoner than I used to suppose. So common, indeed, that there are moments when the disquieting thought arises is my mind that I may be one myself. Fortunately, I am usually able on these occasions to regain my equanimity by reasoning that I have never in my personal appearance or activities presented any peculiarities, so that if I am a genius I have been remarkably successful in concealing the fact. There are many secret geniuses of my acquaintance. They remind me of Percival Gibbon, the brilliant story-writer who, when we were discussing "secret vices" (à propos of the Billie Carlton case), asserted that we were all guilty. Himself, he admitted being a secret teetotaller.

Seriously, I feel it would be worth while if someone with the time to spare conducted an enquiry into the literary prophecies of thirty or forty years ago, tabulating all the geniuses whom the critics then discovered, and compiling a record of their subsequent achievement. The result would, I think, reduce the headiness of the praise which is lavished upon the thickly arriving masterpieces of to-day. It is a pity we have no water-tight definition of genius. "The power of being a child again at will" goes just a little way to explain it. Even so, it defines only one sort—the romantic and by no means the rarest. I am afraid I cannot in a phrase or two offer my reader, in whose mind I may have raised some doubt about his kinship with genius, a satisfactory definition. He and I must go on comforting ourselves with the thought, when we are introduced day by day to these wonderfolk, that we also may possess something of their magical essence, however secret we are about it!

If I have escaped the "collecting" fever, I have also missed some chances of making unconscionable profit out of authors' manuscripts and first editions which I have happened to possess. I am told, for instance, that H. M. Tomlinson's "The Sea and the Jungle," my first edition of which I "lent" to a friend, is now worth about sixty pounds! You must be very nippy in selling these. Collectors' favourites alter as unexpectedly as the speculative counters of the Stock Exchange. Society in all ages has been attacked by the collecting mania. "Pride of possession" is a deep-seated human passion. Time was, no doubt, when the flint-quarrying magnates of the Sussex Downs used to outvie each other in their collections of eoliths, and swanked about their unique arrowheads and stone-axes. Gibbon describes a crazy age in Rome when a patrician would sell a whole estate in order to buy just one table of a certain rare wood.



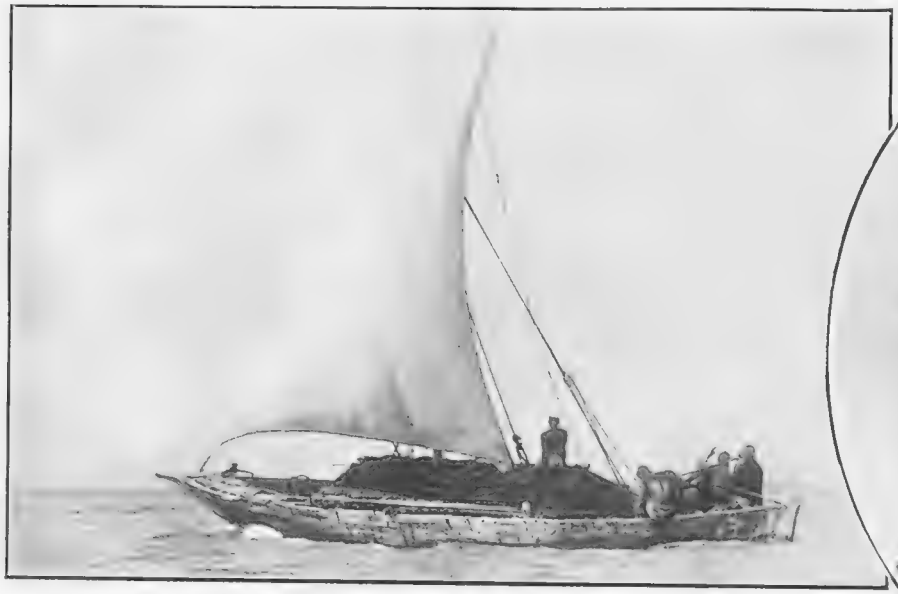
"Grow dizzy trying merely to memorise the names of these latest stars"

America has not yet beaten that, but the mania for collecting first editions and original manuscripts of modern authors has attained extraordinary lengths there. I approve of it in so far as it brings back some of our gold from the United States in exchange for objects of no great national value.

The manuscript of "Walker, London," seventy-three octavo pages in all, and those of four other minor pieces by Sir James Barrie, only one of which has appeared in book-form ("The Inconsiderate Waiter" which makes Chapter VIII of "The Little White Bird"), was sold at Sotheby's the other day for £1,015. That may seem a lot for some two hundred pages of handwriting whose value is mainly sentimental, but it represents a lower average price than has been paid for other examples of the same author's caligraphy. An intimate letter by any famous author is naturally valued immensely higher than the equivalent amount of his literary manuscript, so

(Continued on page 398)

THE LURE OF "BRITISH EAST"



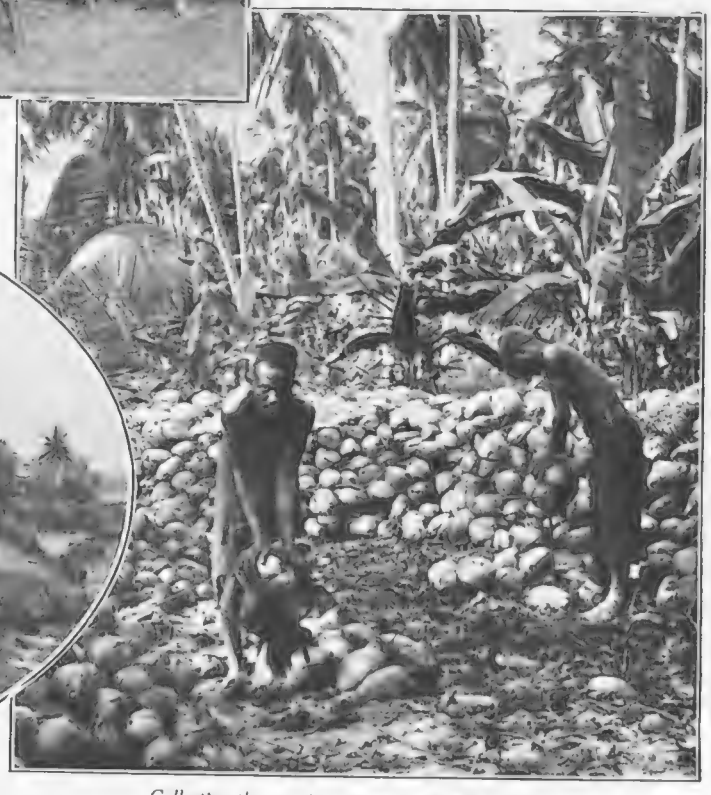
A dhow running before the wind. These picturesque craft, with their large, billowing sails, are found all along the coast in British East Africa

An Acholi warrior from Uganda whose peculiar headdress and white paint on his face give him a comical rather than a fearsome appearance

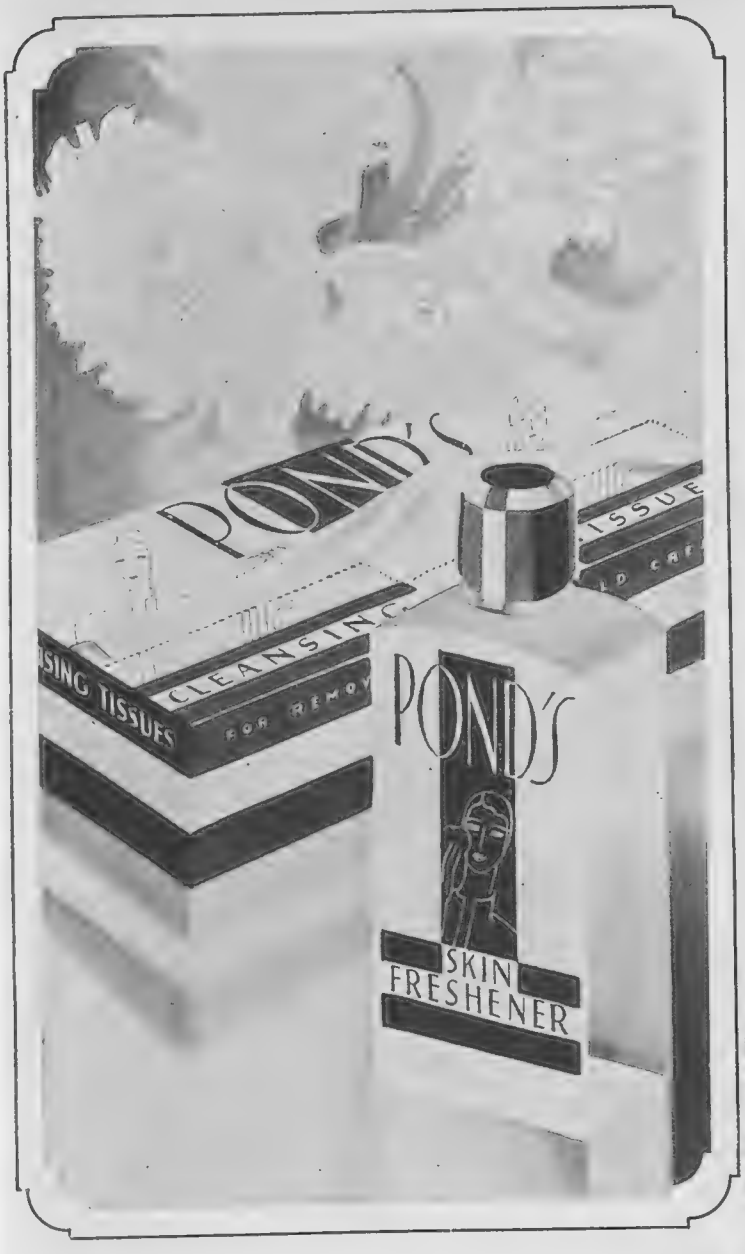
BRITISH East Africa, which includes Tanganyika, Uruguay and Kenya, is one of the most attractive and healthy parts in the whole continent. Trade is good, the towns are remarkably well-kept and modern, transport facilities are excellent, and the country is not only beautiful but offers a wide range of sport

Native warriors in Uganda in full battle array

The Old Fort at Mombasa, which serves as a picturesque reminder of the days when the Portuguese were the rulers of this part of Africa



Collecting the nuts in a coconut grove in Zanzibar



"My dear – I feel so gloriously fresh – I've just discovered the latest in toiletry"

"THE softest, most absorbent cleansing tissues you could imagine. Just like a piece of thistledown, and ever so much more absorbent than a face-towel. And when they're soiled you simply throw them away—no bothering about the laundry. They're in the cunningest box, so that two of the tissues are always ready. And then there's *Pond's Skin Freshener*, in the most severely modern bottle. You splash it on your face after wiping away the cold cream, and it is most exhilarating. Made specially for use after *Pond's Cold Cream*, it is just correctly astringent. You *must* try them, my dear!"

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The best means of removing cold cream. Soft and absorbent as old linen, yet will not roll into balls. Discarded when soiled.
Per Box 2/-, 1/3 and 9d.

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An astringent carefully prepared for use after cold cream. It brings a delightful glow of natural colour to the cheeks.
Per Bottle 4/-, 2/6 and 1/-.

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OUTDOOR ACTIVITIES

S. Mackenzie and L. G. Earl wrestling in the Lightweight Catch-as-Catch-Can Wrestling Championship of England at the City Police Sports at Stamford Bridge. Mackenzie won the championship twenty-one years ago

Topical

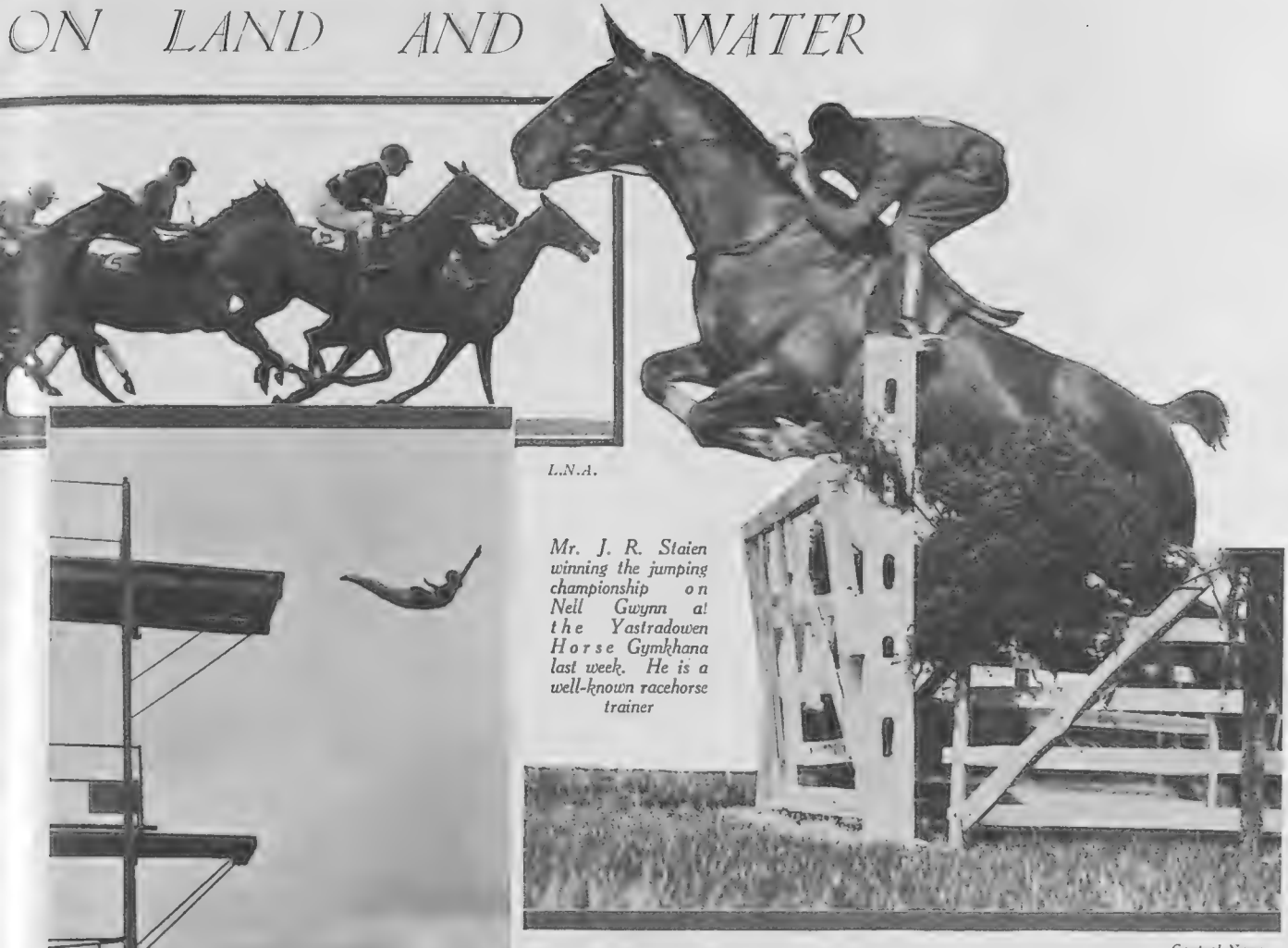
A striking sky-line effect of the field going full stretch during the racing at Lewes last week

Keystone

Planet News

Above : ' Miss Britain I," the five and a half litre motor boat designed by Mr. Hubert Scott-Paine, the designer of the ill-fated "Miss England," going all out on a trial run. She will compete in the International Motor-Boat Races in America. Below : A general view of the twenty-second Championship Meeting of the English Bowls Association. It took place on the Paddington Club's green at Maida Vale

ON LAND AND WATER



L.N.A.

Mr. J. R. Staien winning the jumping championship on Neil Gwynn at the Yastradowen Horse Gymkhana last week. He is a well-known racehorse trainer

Central News

Sport and General

IN FULL FLIGHT

A demonstration of high diving at Jersey by Miss Hyde, who is the champion of Cambridge. She is seen in mid-air during a spectacular swallow dive

Central News

THE HODDEN GREY IN ACTION

Men of the London Scottish seen in action with a Lewis gun during tactical exercises carried out by the Forty-Seventh (2nd London) Division of the Territorial Army at Aldershot. The Scottish are officially known as the 14th London Regiment

FLYING NOTES

WOMEN'S YEAR IN THE AIR

By Capt. C. E. Ward

Planet News

The Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce, the well-known racing motorist, at work on the engine of her plane in which she is soon to make a secret flight. It is rumoured that she will attempt to fly round the world

Flying for England

THE British member of an international team of pilots visiting the United States for the National Air Pageant to be held at Chicago is Flt.-Lt. R. L. Atcherley, who will be remembered as one of the Schneider Trophy pilots last year. He is taking with him one of the latest Blackburn "Lincock" machines with a Siddeley "Lynx" engine specially modified for inverted flying. This combination of machine and engine in the hands of one of our finest aerobatic pilots should be good propaganda for England. Atcherley says that the "Lincock" is not only a delightful machine to fly, but one with no vices and capable of performing every known manœuvre. Marcel Doret will represent France with a Dewoitine single-seater fitted with a 400 h.p. Hispano-Suiza engine; Herr Fritz Lohse is flying for Germany on a Junkers, and Sig. C. Colombo for Italy on a Breda. The official invitations to the Pageant were conveyed to Europe by Lt. Alford Williams, a famous American speed pilot, who has returned to the States with the team after spending a strenuous fortnight making all arrangements on this side.

British Airwomen's Success

A LITTLE more than four years ago the regulation which had previously debarred women from qualifying for a "B" licence was rescinded. Since that time many fine flights have been made by members of the "weaker" sex, some of them in strenuous competition with men, so that women have amply justified their right to the professional pilots' status. So far the flight of the year is, of course, that of Miss Amy Johnson to Australia, but Miss Winifred Brown's feat in winning the King's Cup and Mrs. Alan Butler's fourth place in the same race were remarkable achievements considering the large field of experts against them. Nor must we forget the Duchess of Bedford's return flight to the Cape, on which she acted as an "able-bodied airwoman," pumping petrol and keeping watch, which included spells at the controls. Miss Winifred Spooner is probably the most experienced British airwoman. Besides distinguishing herself in several of the King's Cup races she has flown extensively in Africa, returning from Kenya by air last year. She was one of the two British pilots to complete the "Circuit of Europe" in record time last year, and in this year's competition just concluded she has taken fourth place with her "Moth," and first in the category for the "heavier" light 'planes. Every flying club has a large percentage of women members anxious to qualify as racing pilots or to fit themselves to tour the world. The example which has already been set them by others indicates that they can expect success in a field which was considered originally to be suited mainly to men. By a slight majority women still exceed men as air passengers on the principal European routes. An "Argosy" of Imperial Airways arrived at Croydon recently with each seat occupied by a woman. The fact that a well-known scientist has reminded us that the air at high altitudes is marvellous for the complexion may account for this preference of women for air travel.

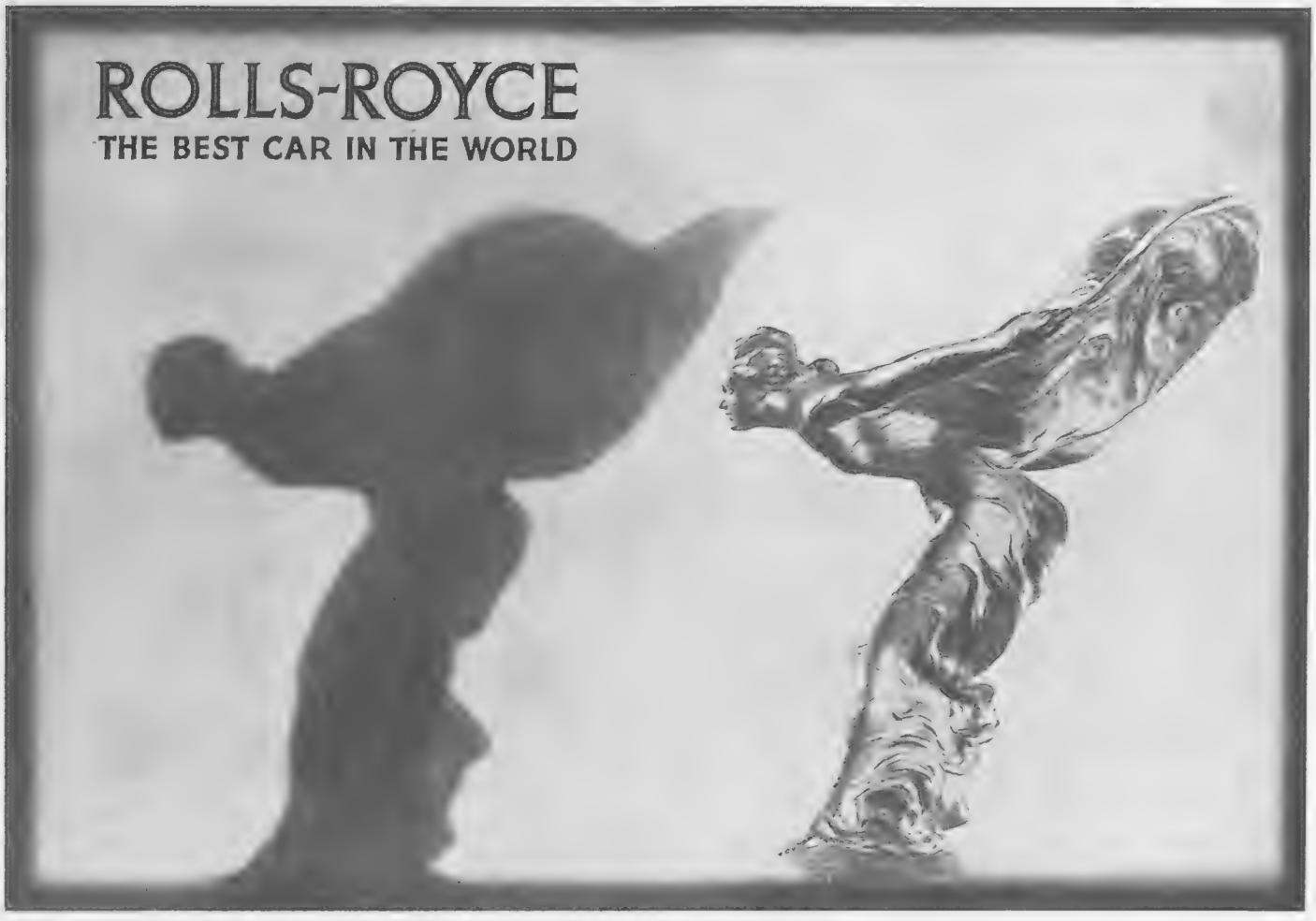
L.N.A.

Flight-Lieut. Atcherley, the British Schneider Trophy pilot (left), and Herr Fritz Lohse, the famous German airman, on board the Leviathan on which they sailed for the States. They are to represent their countries at the American National Air Pageant at Chicago

The Aero Club of South Africa

THIS club became active in 1927, and was affiliated to the Royal Aero Club, through which it obtains representation on the F.A.I. Pilots and others interested in flying who may visit South Africa will find that excellent facilities exist in all the big centres with flying clubs modelled on those at home. The Johannesburg Club has led the way since the movement started, and now challenges comparison with London, Hamble or Bristol in the number of its machines, five Moths, and the efficiency of its instructors, Captain S. S. Halse and Lt. R. Douglas, A.F.C. Headquarters are at Baragwanath Aerodrome, lent by the Crown Mines very largely through the influence of Dr. Samuel Evans, C.M.G., who, as president of the Club and the Crown Mines, has difficulty in deciding which is more interesting for an old man, flying or mining. Subscriptions and flying rates are on the same scale as the average over here. Privately owned machines are garaged, washed and given the freedom of the aerodrome for 50*s.* a month, whilst visiting light 'planes are charged 2*s.* 6*d.* a night, with 5*s.* for a wash and grease. The Cape Town Club uses Cirrus "Avian" machines and operates under the chairmanship of Wing-Comdr. W. D. Beatty, one of the earliest pilots in the Royal Flying Corps. The Aero Club Year Book, printed by the *Cape Times*, gives a mass of useful information about the clubs, the local regulations and the aerodromes, the latter section being illustrated by maps.

ROLLS-ROYCE
THE BEST CAR IN THE WORLD



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H.I.M. THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN.

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A HOOPER ROLLS-ROYCE

Kennington Service.

SHOOTING NOTES

SHORE "POPPING" — By "Clodhopper"

Express Photos

AN ECHO OF THE TWELFTH

Dogs and guns were very much in evidence at the London termini last week when the annual trek of sportsmen started for the moors. Many scenes such as the one pictured above were to be witnessed on the eve of the Glorious Twelfth

A SHOOTING reader of THE BYSTANDER asks where he can obtain some wildfowling within reasonable motoring distance of Torquay. My correspondent does not mention whether he is looking for punt-gunning or shore-shooting. We presume, however, that he is in search of the latter. The wildfowling possibilities of the Devon and Somerset coastline are not very great. There is, I believe, a certain amount of sport obtainable with mallard, widgeon, teal and waders in the estuary of the Exe during late autumn and winter. But the rocky shores of Devon and Somerset are too unsheltered and devoid of suitable feeding-grounds to attract wildfowl in any appreciable numbers.

IT is naturally difficult to imagine what my correspondent's ideas in regard to "reasonable motoring distances" may be. There is, however, some shore shooting may be had at Weymouth, Christchurch Bay, Poole Harbour, and along the many miles of ooze-flats which fringe the northern shore of the Solent, and which, incidentally, formed one of the favourite fowling-grounds of that doyen of modern "gunners" and shooting scribes, Colonel Peter Hawker.

IN the event of my Devonian friend electing to try his luck—and there is a great element of luck in wildfowl shooting—on any of the coastal shooting stations in question, he would be well advised in engaging a professional wildfowler of good repute and practical experience ('ware longshoremen) as guide and mentor. What these hardy, weather and brine-tanned "gunners" don't know about the habits and haunts of wildfowl, the topography of their own natal marshes and seashore, the set and variations of the tide, and a hundred-and-one other things essential to success in punt-gunning or shore-shooting, does not count for much.

ALTHOUGH, of course, August duck shooting in the English marsh and fen districts cannot be compared with the contemporary sport of grouse shooting, it is not to be despised by sportsmen who wish to get their "hand in" before the advent of the partridge season. The young home-bred mallard and teal are now sufficiently strong on the wing to afford quite good sport, especially during the evening.

THE last hour of daylight is chosen by the ducks for flight, and they then frequently pass

(Continued on page 398)

Sport and General

IN THE BUTTS

Sir Charles Clifford in the butts on Brookfield Moors, where he and Mr. H. Reed gave a start-of-the-season shoot which resulted in some good bags

DEAD GROUSE ON THE WING

Mr. L. Chandler unloading the first grouse of the season, specially rushed to London by air, but which arrived later than usual this year, the mists over the moors having prevented early shoots. On the first day prices opened at 25s. and finally dropped to 9s.

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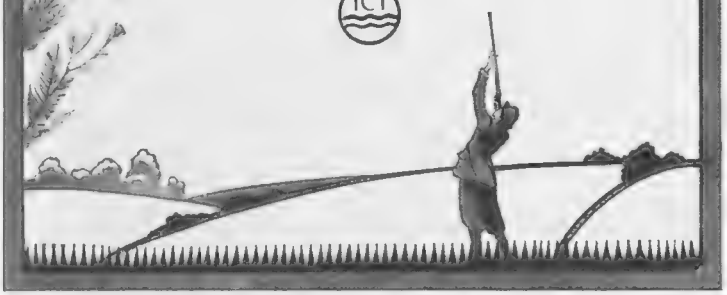

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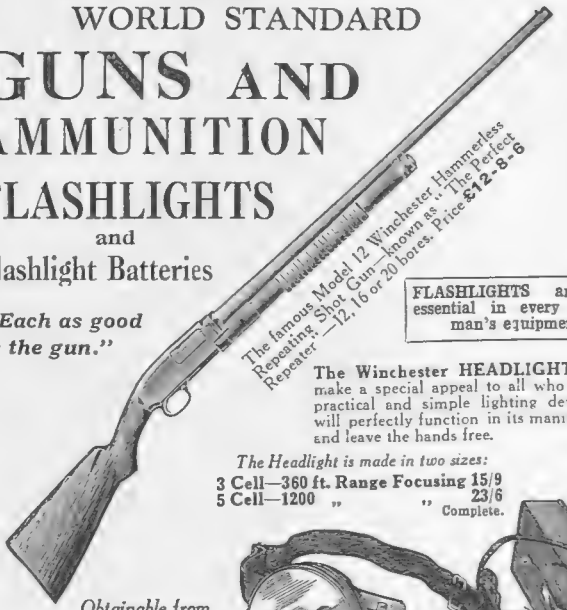

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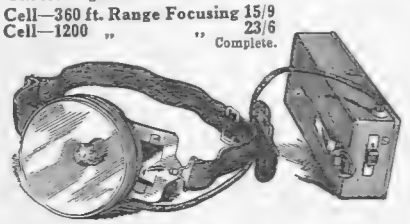

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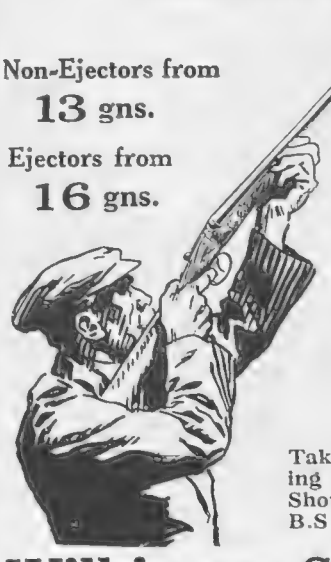

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SHOOTING NOTES (continued from page 396)

backward and forward across the dyke-intersected levels in search of food on the barley, wheat and bean stubbles, thus offering many more and easier shots than is usually the case during the short half-hour of the winter's flight. Indeed, in well-favoured localities where wild-duck breed extensively, flight-shooting at this season of the year would be delightful were it not for those intolerable pests, the midges, which simply swarm on the marshes.

Planet News

"LAST STAGE OF ALL——"

The chef in a West End hotel preparing grouse shot on the moors that morning for luncheon on The Twelfth

DURING a recent visit to an extensive marsh on the Lincolnshire shore of the Humber I found that young mallard and teal are infinitely more numerous than was the case this time last year when many of the sedge-fringed dykes and the smaller fleets were bone dry owing to a long spell of drought. Partridges have not done so well on these windswept levels this season, the heavy rains and cold nights experienced in July having played havoc with the young broods.

"FROM Bird to Brain and Back Again" is the very appropriate title of a book issued by Imperial Chemical Industries, Limited, for the benefit of shooting-men interested in time problems involved in velocity, whether referring to the flight of projectiles, the speed of birds and animals, or of mechanically propelled vehicles.

THE writer deals in a concise and clear manner with questions of the various time elements involved in the "personal equation," fall of hammer, rate of shot charge up the barrel and in the air, and during the swing of the gun so that the whole sequence of events is mathematically considered and expressed by way of examples. Copies may be obtained, post free, from the Publicity Department, Imperial Chemical House, London, S.W.1.

MAX BAKER'S SHOOTING NOTE

THE EVENING SURVEY OF PARTRIDGES

IN the care of a stock of partridges very great importance attaches to knowing before shooting begins the proportion of young to old birds. This season especially the information is vital. An unusually successful breeding period was followed by favourable conditions for rearing; later there have been a number of rather severe storms. Probably the young stock had gained sufficient strength to put up a good resistance, but the result, free of conjecture, is now necessary. A series of late afternoon walks over the ground should accordingly be taken, the route following the margins of grass fields where they abut on corn land and, of course, any ground that has become stubble. The coveys which have been sheltering in the standing crops will be out enjoying their final repast and, so long as the observer is well hidden, old and young will be easy to distinguish. The number of barren birds and the size of complete coveys should be carefully noted so that the ascertained proportion of young to old may be accepted as a fair approximation of the entire stock. Hatching figures supply the total to be accounted for, hence the losses in the intervening period can be estimated with sufficient accuracy to enable the deductions due to shooting to show at every stage the composition of the stock remaining.

ARE YOU A GENIUS? (continued from page 389)

that the £630 paid at the same sale for a one-page letter by Robert Burns does not strike one as disproportionate in view of latter-day values. But the irony of it! Twenty pounds might have saved the poet's life in his last illness and prolonged his years, yet this single sheet of paper, written eleven days before he died, now sells for what would have been a fortune to the sorely tried man of genius who wrote it.

IT might be thought that, with dictation and typing supplanting handwriting, there would be few original manuscripts of famous contemporary authors available for the collectors. But in recent years there have been instances of novelists, for whose manuscripts a sudden demand had arisen, writing out by hand a complete transcription of one of their printed works (to sell it for a thousand or so), the original manuscript having been destroyed or never having existed except in the form of corrected typescript. I am not certain that Joseph Conrad ever catered in this way for the craze of the moment, but I seem to remember Richard Whiteing doing a manuscript copy of his "No. 5, John Street." In his later years Conrad's manuscripts and first editions were fetching absurdly high prices in America, but I should not be surprised to learn that the Conrad boom is now exhausted, and that collectors who paid high prices for his books and manuscripts will have to "write them down" very heavily. (The language of the Stock Exchange comes in appropriately here.)

TOWARDS the end of his career I had an instructive glimpse of what took place when Conrad wrote an article. I invited him to collaborate in a work I was editing, and suggested a subject which I knew would attract him. The number of words was not to exceed five thousand; payment £200. He correctly interpreted the sort of article I wanted, when he wrote to me: "If I may say so, you want a bit of Conradese. I will do my best to furnish it to you, and I only hope you will not be disappointed when you see it." I had no fear of disappointment. Conrad took too much pains with everything he wrote ever to let an unfinished piece of writing leave his hand.

AS it happened, the contribution in question proved to be about the last finished article he ever wrote, but that did not affect the circumstances I am about to relate. The typescript of his article as it came to me bore some thirty or forty corrections in ink and the author's initials. I suggested to my secretary that if she cared to re-copy these sheets of typing she could have the manuscript and send it to New York, where some collector might pay her a substantial sum for it. This she did and pocketed about £25, the purchaser being the editor of one of the leading American periodicals.

LATER, however, I discovered that the form of the typescript as it reached me was its third condition. There existed a complete manuscript of the article in Conrad's handwriting, which had already found a purchaser in America round about a hundred pounds. Then there was the first draft in typescript with a considerable number of corrections, which had followed the original manuscript to New York and had been sold for about £50.

NO sooner had I printed the article than its author was approached by a London bookseller, who undertook to produce it as a brochure limited to some fifty copies, to sell at £4 or £5 apiece, each copy containing an actual autograph of Joseph Conrad. The author received either one or two guineas for each signature, and I have no doubt that the whole of this limited edition was quickly absorbed by Conrad collectors in the United States and at home.

J. A. Hammerton

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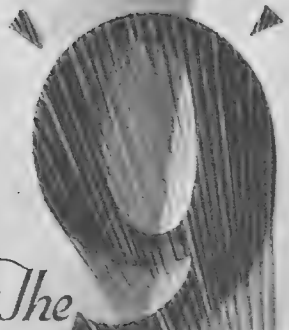

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Models and Prices for 1931.

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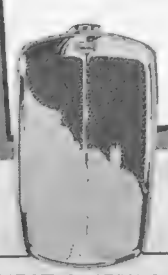

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Models and Prices for 1931

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Covered best quality Black or Blue Fabric with Stainless Steel beadings, 4 Wide Doors with locking device and wind-up windows. Safety Glass Screen. Adjustable Front Seats. Rear Window Blind. Coloured Wire Wheels. Upholstered best quality leather cloth—suitable colours.

"ENSIGN" SIX "SPECIAL" FABRIC SALOON - - - - - - - - - - - £275
4-speed silent third Gear Box.
Extra equipment includes best quality furniture hide upholstery. Safety Glass throughout. Dipping Headlights. Exterior fittings of Stainless Steel or Chromium plated. Bumper bars front and rear. Electric Petrol gauge and Screen Wiper. Luggage Grid. Companion Sets.

"ENSIGN" SIX "SPECIAL" COACH-BUILT SALOON - - - - - - - - - £285
4-speed silent third Gear Box.
Extra equipment as above.

All Models fitted with "Stanlite" Sliding Roof.

Illustrated Folders with fuller specifications will be sent post free on request to the makers or to any "Standard" Agent.

THE 'ENVOY' TWENTY. The general design of this well-known Standard model will remain as before, but for 1931 a new and improved engine of 20 h.p. is fitted. Other improvements include new radiator and bonnet, with Thermostatically controlled shutters; Marles steering in place of worm and nut; and 4-speed silent third gear box. The body is a genuine half-panelled Weymann, with concealed sliding roof. Interior finish and equipment greatly improved, and centre and side arm-rests fitted to rear seats. Price - £385

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Exclusive BYSTANDER *photograph* *By Lenare*

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Equally suitable for either town or country wear, this Countyx Country Suit is expressed in a soft green mixture tweed. The light-weight dress is made with a short bolero, which is very becoming, while curved strappings at the hips form box pleats which widen perceptibly at the hem. Kid paw is used for the collar of the medium-weight weatherproofed coat, a noteworthy feature of which is the distinctively shaped sleeves

DETAILS THAT COUNT

By OLIVE CALEY SMITH

Softened Necklines

WHATEVER else the Autumn collections may try to impose upon women, they will offer her one excellent thing—and that is delightfully shaped and softly finished necklines. It is hard to believe that such small details can create so great a difference—yet it is an actual fact that they can make a woman look literally years younger, while another interesting thing is that they are equally becoming to too small or too large figures. But they must be studied intelligently, for they hold many pitfalls for the unwary. On afternoon and evening frocks slightly flared upstanding frills edge necks which are rounded at the back and square in front, the depth of the frill being governed by the size of its wearer, while another amusing idea is to wear a narrow Peter Pan collar with a dress that has a deeply curved décolletage, the outer edges covering the straps that go over the shoulders. Scarves play an important part where coat-frocks are concerned. They may be arranged in diverse ways and be of self material or of some contrasting—and frequently surprising—fabric. Some act as inset vests, one long end being threaded through a slot at the left side and draped loosely round the neck.

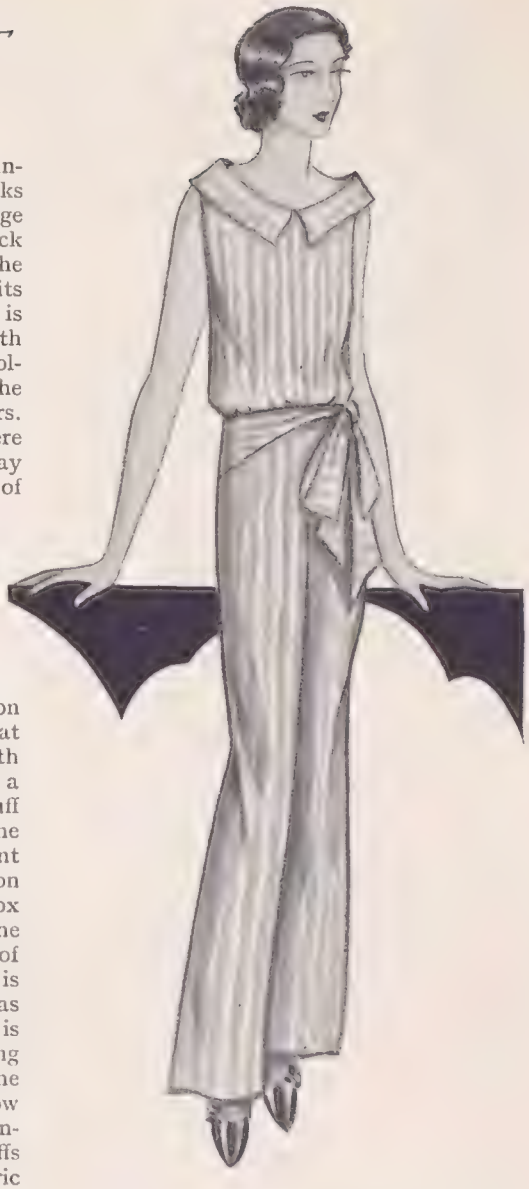
A very slender effect is achieved by the strappings which form a panel on this Cumberland tweed coat from Gooch's. It is cut on universally becoming lines and is collared with nutria lamb

Elaborate Sleeves

MUCH attention is being centred on sleeves, and it almost seems that no scheme is too eccentric to meet with approval. On coats, for instance, a narrow band of fur may form a cuff and be carried spirally to just above the elbow, where it ends either in a point or in a "bracelet." Similarly, on slender wraps which have huge fox collars a brush is arranged round the upper part of each arm, while one of the most original and striking modes is that of the butterfly sleeve, which has been so christened because the cloth is cut to form two points, one protruding midway between the shoulder and the elbow, and the other between the elbow and the wrist, which is narrowly encircled with flat-haired fur. Glove cuffs will also be seen, a long loop of fabric being draped loosely at the line of union to create a short-sleeved effect. Of the same genre are the metallic lace half-sleeves which complement some of the new statuesque evening dresses. Cut in points over the hands they reach to the bend of the arm, the lace subtly appearing again somewhere about the frock.

New Tweeds

TWEEDS have had quite a long innings, but, far from showing any signs of losing favour, they are obviously more popular than ever. Nor is this surprising, for they are extraordinarily useful, and are now obtainable in beautiful colours and weaves. Sketched at the foot of this page is a splendidly tailored Cumberland tweed coat from Gooch's, of Knightsbridge. Strappings of the material form a slenderising panel down the back, and the collar is of nutria lamb, while the price is but 7½ guineas. A matching skirt, carefully fitted over the hips, on which appear curved empiecements, may be obtained for 1½ guineas. Charming two-piece suits in self-coloured novelty cloth represent an excellent investment, for the slightly waisted coat, trimmed with caracul or nutria lamb, is cut on lines that are becoming to every type of figure, and it costs only 5½ guineas, including a wrap skirt with a deep pleat at one side.

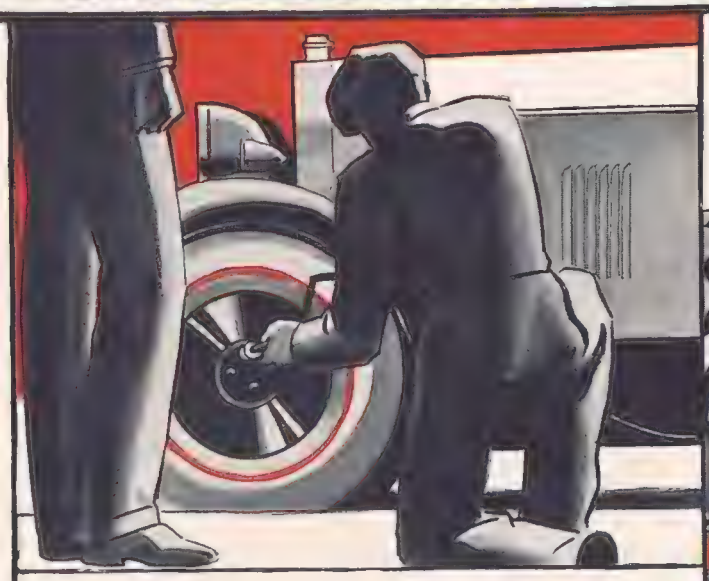


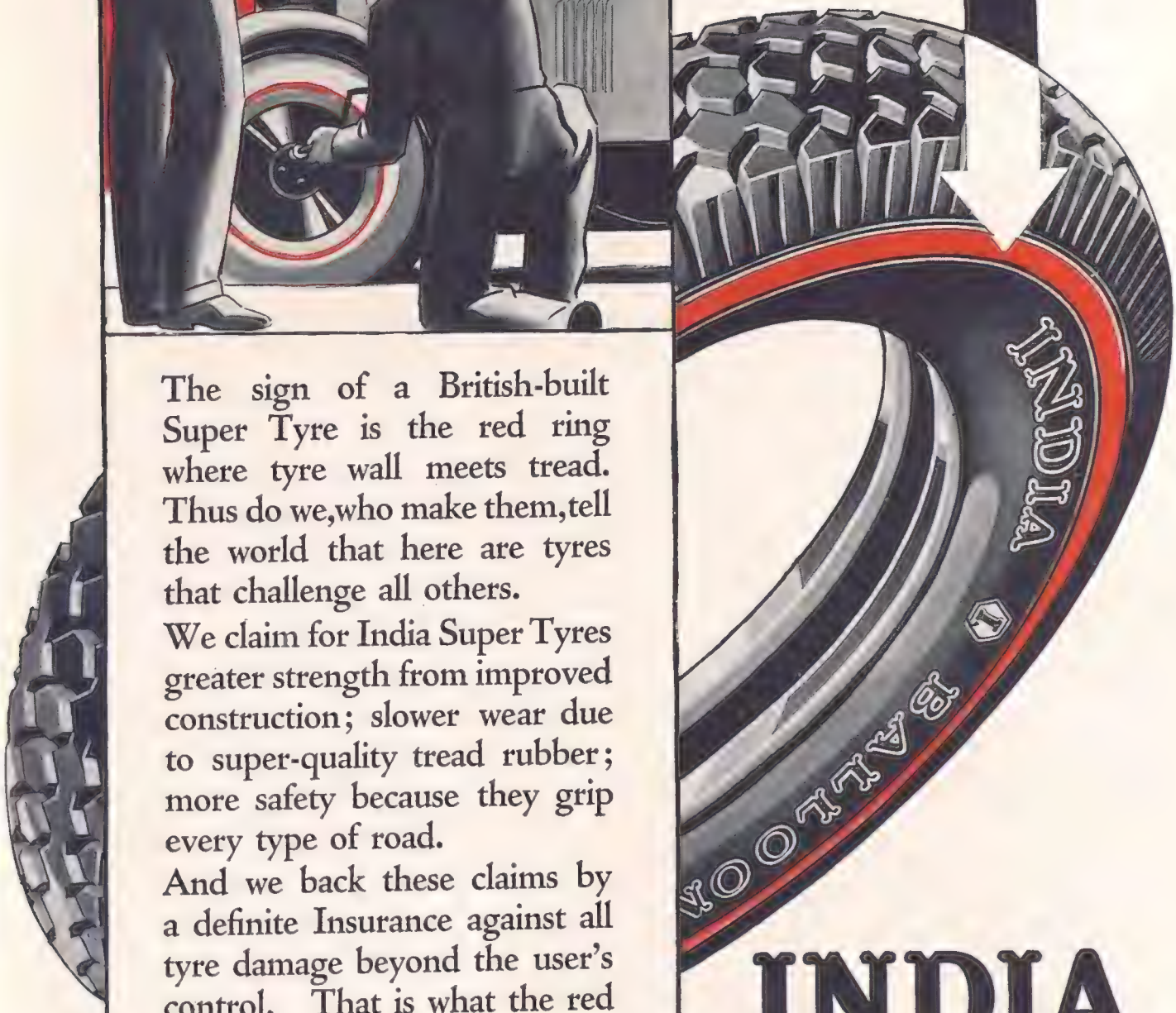
Tricoline is an ideal fabricating medium for pyjamas, for it hangs well, and is made in beautiful colours and designs

For Cool Nights

ALREADY the evenings are growing cooler, and those who propose to do any travelling will be well advised to acquire sleeping clothes that will give warmth without weight. Tricoline is an ideal fabricating medium for pyjamas, for its silky appearance, combined with the effective colours and designs in which it is produced, make it as attractive to look at as it is to wear. In addition to which it is extremely durable, and is quite unharmed by constant washings. Women who like to make their own lingerie can buy Tricoline by the yard, and they find it a boon because it hangs so well and is easy to cut out, while men appreciate the comfort and smartness of Tricoline shirts, collars, and pyjamas.

THE CHALLENGE OF THE RED RING





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BOOKS AND PEOPLE

COMPANIONS GOOD AND VERY BAD

By Ralph Straus

Howard Coster

MR. J. B. PRIESTLEY

Whose new book, "Angel Pavement," is a study of workers in a city office. It is published by Heinemann at 10/6

WHAT ludicrous contrasts come one's way! After finishing *Angel Pavement* (Heinemann: 10*s.* 6*d.*), the new Priestley book, I take up *The Unconscious Sinner* (Werner Laurie: 7*s.* 6*d.*), the new novel by Victoria Cross. Could any two new works of fiction be found to differ more fundamentally in every possible way? Surely not. It is even a little difficult to believe that the literary pendulum of to-day can swing through such an immense arc. From life as we know it to the queerest travesty of life. From literature to—mush. And yet, I suppose, there are people who will find Miss Cross (even now when she has been left so far behind in the Who-can-go-farthest race) quite as much to their taste as Mr. Priestley. But then, as some great man is bound to have said some time or other, the world is a curious place.

ANGEL PAVEMENT introduces you to more good companions, this time the half-dozen very ordinary folk who happen to be working in the same City office. The firm of Twigg and Dersingham sells woods and veneers. It is not a very go-ahead firm—its only surviving partner is perhaps a little too genteel for trade—but it employs Mr. Smeeth as cashier, and young Mr. Turgis as clerk, and Mr. Goath as traveller, and Stanley as boy, and Miss Matfield as typist; and there seems to be no particular reason why it should not continue on its sleepy but respectable way for ever—or, rather, until the veneering trade be "rationalised" (isn't that the right word?) by some genius in, or on the way to, the House of Lords.

BUT a ship comes to London from somewhere in the Baltic, and brings with it a rather peculiar Mr. Golspie, who is armed with apparently valuable concessions. Mr. Golspie is looking for just such a firm as Twigg and Dersingham, and, having found it, is able to galvanise it into something wholly unlike its old self. salaries go up; sales increase; and dreams show signs of coming true. Mr. Golspie's process, however, is too quick, too un-Londonish. He succeeds in getting his own money all right, but ruins the firm.

SO much for what the admirers of Miss Cross's work would call "the plot"; but Mr. Priestley, who has well-marked Dickensian proclivities, does not make the mistake which Dickens in his later years made. He does not worry his head about complicated dramas which become many times interlocked. Story there is, five or six stories, in fact—but no one machine-made affair which begins at the beginning and is nicely rounded off at the end. On the contrary, I am not sure that Mr. Priestley has not gone too far to the other extreme. He shows the firm breaking up, and the director ruined, and the employees out of a job, but what is to happen to them? We are not told. But is there any particular reason why we should be told? Or, rather, would not Mr. Priestley be justified in saying: "Hang it, man; here I've filled six hundred pages telling you all about these people, and if you can't see for yourself what's going to happen to them—well, God help you!"

IN my opinion he would be well justified. These five or six people have become quite startlingly alive. A few superior people found (or pretended to find) *The Good Companions* dreadfully dull; they will probably not enjoy (or pretend not to enjoy) its successor. Most of us, however, will be willing to say that Mr. Priestley has "done it again."

MISS VICTORIA CROSS

The author of "The Unconscious Sinner" (Werner Laurie, 7/6), which is reviewed on this page

SO I come to Victoria Cross's truly sad story of Miss Rosa Deane, who sinned (twice) in the most unconscious way. Poor thing, what a time she does go through, to be sure! She is engaged to, and deeply in love with, a millionaire, but he goes and shoots lions, and while he is away a bad, bad man comes to stay with her family. This is Major Hope, whose eyes immediately "seem to suck" something out of her. Yes, the Major, though married, has always been a terror for the girls. He "looks like a thundercloud" when interrupted in a kissing-bout, and even butters his toast "savagely," so you can imagine what a sheik he is. And, of course, Rosa falls passionately in love with him, and he with her. In fact, "an unutterable hunger for her seems to be "eating him to the bone."

A SERIOUS position for both of them! But Rosa remembers her parents and the fiancé in Africa. (He has a lady with him, but no matter.) A kiss or two, yes, but nothing more. Nothing? The bad major tries a little hard thinking of the hypnotic sort and has the success of his life. Into his bedroom stalks Rosa—in her sleep. Really in her sleep? Apparently so. The Major, not unnaturally, looks upon her as a singularly good actress. But, alas and alack! months later when several specialists all agree that poor Rosa is going to have a child she will not believe it herself—and the millionaire comes home to a terrible scandal, and the tension is such that I cannot hope to describe it, well, then Major Hope explains to the poor girl what has happened.

AND what happens then? Ha, ha! you'll never guess. Once again Miss Rosa stalks into the Major's bedroom at night, and this time she kills him, good and proper. They have her up for murder; but could any judge and jury hang the poor dear? Certainly not. She leaves the court without a stain—well, not exactly stainless—but she leaves the court a free woman, and we close Miss Victoria Cross's book with a kind of reverence and awe that such things can still be found in contemporary fiction. No, I am afraid I cannot take Miss Cross's work with becoming seriousness. Its growing waves of passion left me singularly cold, and even the thundercloudy major failed to impress me!

MOTOR NOTES

A Rover "Meteor" on the sands at Camber. This handsome Sportsman's Saloon, with its fair passengers, has been prominent in recent Concours d'Élégance

DOWN WITH DOBBIN!

By E. M. Wright

THE London Traffic Advisory Committee is at last awakening to the fact that the appalling congestion in our busy city streets is due not so much to the density of the traffic as to the endless delays caused by slow-moving, horse-drawn vehicles. It is about to make a thorough investigation of the whole problem. And high time, too; for in a city like London, with its maze of narrow streets and thronging circuses, it is a matter of astonishment and of daily irritation that any and every kind of vehicle has an equal right to the road.

***

CREAKING and groaning drays and lorries may crawl at a mere mile or two an hour across a busy street junction while 'buses, taxis, private cars and commercial vehicles of every kind pile up in queues stretching hundreds of yards on either side. Even when, after all too lengthy delay, the latter are allowed to proceed, their pace is set by the slowest-moving vehicle in their midst—as like as not a lorry well out into the middle of the road where it can cause the greatest inconvenience to the greatest number of road users. One vehicle is enough to throw the whole of the street into confusion. One lorry or dray moving at a gallumphing trot slows down fifty or a hundred vehicles, all of which could move at a steady 15-20 m.p.h. at least without the slightest risk to themselves or others.

***

THE problem would be serious enough were London blessed with numerous wide boulevards such as are to be found in Paris, but, in the City especially, there are hundreds of streets which can barely accommodate two lines of traffic, with the inevitable result that one slow-moving lorry can hold up the traffic for almost literally miles behind. With no hope of overtaking, following motorists must be content to crawl in bottom gear until such time as the lorry driver chooses to turn off and leave the way clear. In wider streets, too, exactly the same difficulty arises when one of these lumbering monsters tries to pass another, taking, say, 200 yards to complete the manœuvre.

***

SLOW-moving traffic is *supposed* to keep well into the left. But does it? Horse-drawn traffic may, *in fact*, meander anywhere, even on the very crown of the road, entirely as it chooses. Motorists complain bitterly of fellow motorists who compel others to trail behind them at a bare 20 or 25 m.p.h.; but what shall be said of the drayman who forces other road users to throttle down to little more than walking pace? Certain even of our really wide thoroughfares, the Embankment for example, can become almost impassable thanks to the utter lack of consideration shown by the drivers of horse-drawn vehicles and the refusal of the police to compel them to keep strictly to the left of the road as they are fully empowered to do.

***

A POINT, too, that I think has not been sufficiently stressed is the very real danger of horse-drawn traffic, especially when emerging from side turnings. Even the least skilled driver of a car can judge to within very narrow limits the distance he will need to pull up in. He can stop dead on the white line with perfect assurance. His brakes and his engine are under complete control. What of the horse vehicle? It is the commonest sight to see the driver tugging with all his might at the reins in a vain endeavour to bring his equipage to a standstill while the poor horse sits back on its haunches and skids for yards with the whole weight of the vehicle pushing him forward. In other words, the horse lorry is a vehicle whose "engine power," to begin with, is

(Continued on page iv)

The "pegleg" windmill at Burton Dassett, one of the earliest English types, forms a charming background for the latest Triumph Super Seven. A fund is being opened to preserve this interesting landmark from the ravages of time

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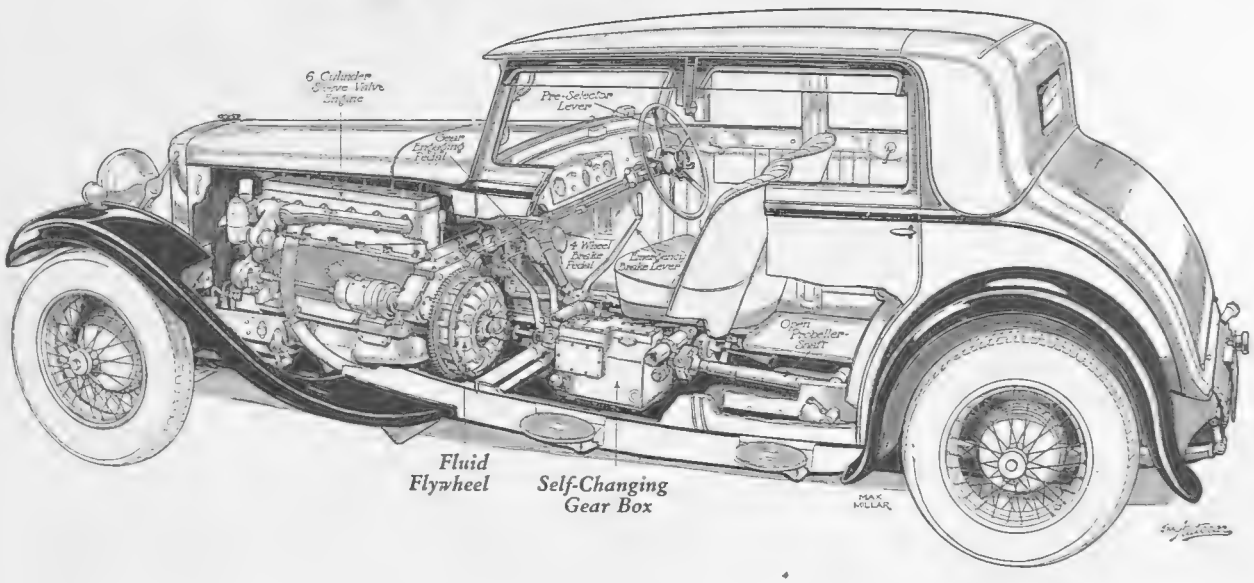

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DOGS

IS HE A TAIL-WAGGER? By Lady Kitty Ritson

Now when you read these words if your own particular dog can look up at you and ask: "Mother, or Father (as the case may be), why am I not a Tail-Wagger?" I hope you will feel properly ashamed and that you will hasten to correct the mistake. Your dog has cause to feel annoyed for, as he will tell you, if the Prince of Wales' Alsatian, Claus of Seale, is T.W.2 and if Princess Mary's Irish Wolfhound is also a Tail-Wagger, not to mention twenty-eight other members of the Royal Family's dogs, surely you should make him one at once.

Sport and General

Bedlingtons on the bench at the Tunbridge Wells Dog Show. They were shown by Miss Brenfoot

In June of this year there were 340,000 members of the Tail-Waggers' Club, and we want to make it a million this year. After all, if you are of a mercenary turn of mind, it ought to appeal to you, for you get so much for so little. 2*s.* 6*d.* is a life membership, and you get a medallion with your name and address engraved thereon (according to the new police regulations), you get a book full of the most useful and interesting information free, which is known as The Tail-Waggers' Club Handbook, and if your dog is lost no trouble is spared to restore him to you. If you recruit eight new members to the Club you can choose whether you will have one year's free subscription to "The Tail-Waggers' Magazine" (which is really a fascinating monthly magazine), a solid silver Club medallion, or a copy of "The First Friend," by Lucy Menzies. And all the money collected goes to help some deserving canine institution, of which a list is forwarded to you when you receive your medal.

Do you ever think what you owe in gratitude to the whole tribe of dogdom? I don't want to be sentimental, but most of us have known that awful tearing pain which comes when "he, whose little willing paws ran so eagerly to do our bidding" lies cold and still. But at least our own dogs die in peace, surrounded by love. What of those who pant out their lives alone with none to help or alleviate? 2*s.* 6*d.* isn't much—is it?—as a thank-offering for a dog's love. Please do sit down and enrol your dog to-day. Write to Captain Hobbs, 37-38, Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.4.

Do you want to earn a big money prize? Well, Spiller's are running a most fascinating photographic competition, and it is for amateurs only. Your grocer, corn merchant, or Kodak dealer will give you a free entry form with full details. There are two classes for adults and one for children. The prizes amount to £500, so you might get your holiday paid for

---

MOTOR NOTES (*Continued from page* ii)

inadequate to give the acceleration demanded in modern traffic and whose "steering" and "brakes" are altogether too uncertain. The driver himself has little idea of how far he can control them.

***

Even more serious is the laxity of these drivers towards the lighting regulations. An oily, dirty lamp slung somewhere about the vehicle and the merest suggestion of a red light in the rear will satisfy the law. It matters little whether they are visible to other traffic, and for all the notice the police take it matters extremely little whether the lights are there at all. Why, in the heart of the City, well after lighting-up time, you can see horse-drawn lorries not only, like the foolish virgins, carrying no oil in their lamps, but carrying no lamps at all! Could contempt of the law go farther?

***

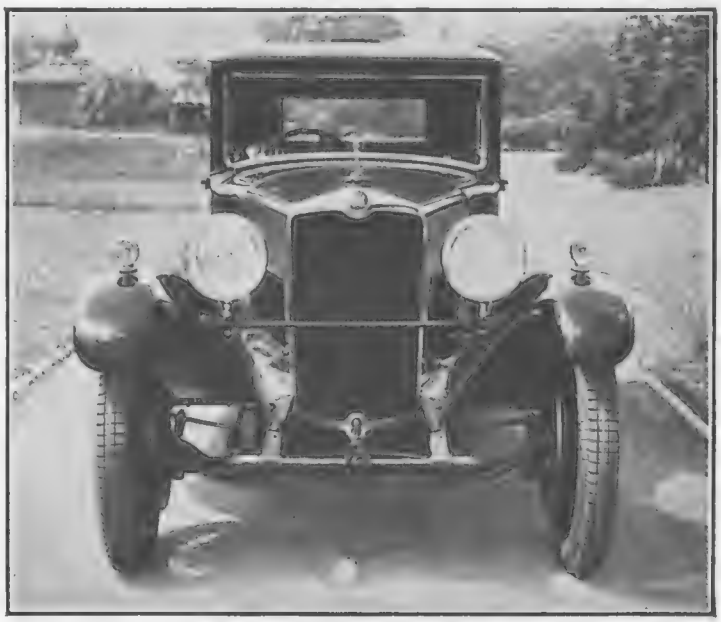
It may be thought that as a motorist I can see nothing good in the horse. Not at all. Indeed, I know that I voice the thoughts of the vast majority of road users; for the man in the street who has never owned or driven a car is beginning to raise his voice against the obstruction caused by horse-drawn vehicles in our cities and towns. Travellers in buses and motor coaches are at last realising that they are just as much, or even more, delayed by this obstruction than is the motor car. Some people would restrict the number of private cars in crowded streets at busy times of the day. Doubtless they do add to the congestion, but how ridiculous to talk of this as a measure of practical politics while the horse remains at liberty to obstruct our traffic as he does.

***

Quite apart from any consideration of utility or expediency, however, there is the humanitarian view. Even if we were never exasperated we should still feel pity for the horses working in the city. What, indeed, are we to think of the centimental folk who stick up for them and beg that they should be allowed to remain in the streets, as if they liked the life? Surely there could be no more cruel conditions for this noble animal than the atmosphere of modern traffic and the glass-smooth surface of the streets?

***

That motorists are not prejudiced is well shown in a striking leader I have just seen in the current issue of the *Morris Owner*. "No one," says the writer, "can imagine more abject drudgery than the life of a horse in London. Scarcely seeing a green thing from one year's end to another, inhaling the fumes of motor vehicles, behind which, as the result of the congestion for which he is largely responsible, he has to stand for an appreciable portion of his day, he is condemned to move heavy loads on highways sadly unsuited to his comfort. This because his short-sighted owners do not realise that there are vans and lorries which will do the work much more quickly and economically." E. M. W.



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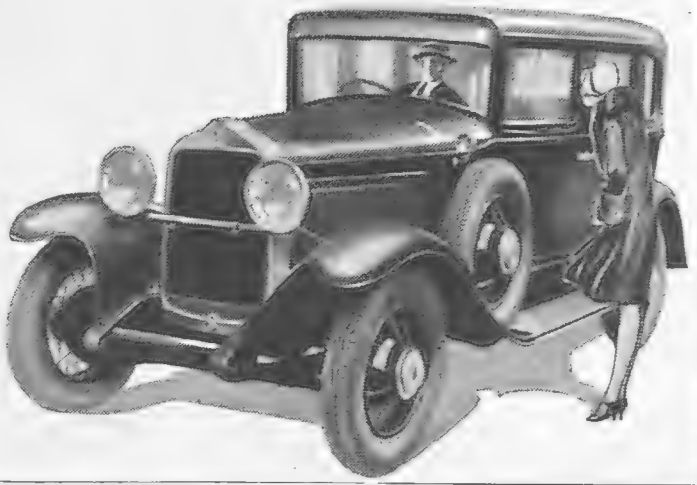

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THE EDITOR'S BOX

Value for Smokers

To give cigarette smokers full smoking value is evidently the aim of Messrs. R. and J. Hill in introducing their new brand, "Sunripe Extra," which it is claimed "Stand alone for Size and Tone." These cigarettes carry with them no coupons for free gifts; all the value is in their extra size and quality. They are, indeed, the original big-size Sunripes which were so greatly favoured by smokers a few years ago, and they sell at the popular prices of 10 for 6*d*. and 20 for 1*s*., packed in distinctive red cartons. We predict a ready demand for Sunripe Extras, for one does not often meet such exceptional quality at so low a price.

A Splendid Gift

As a memorial to Richard Cadbury and George Cadbury, who created Bournville fifty years ago, the firm of Cadbury Bros., Ltd., have presented Frankley Beeches, near Birmingham, to the National Trust to be preserved free from buildings. Frankley Beeches is a prominent viewpoint 800 feet above sea level, and can be seen well from Bournville and many other parts on the south side of Birmingham.

A Gift to Canada

When the representatives of the law left England recently to visit Canada they took with them the very handsome sterling silver rosewater dish reproduced on this page, which is to be presented as a token of remembrance of this historical occasion. The dish, which measures 18½ inches in diameter, and is distinguished by the modern appliqué decoration, was specially designed by Mr. Harold Stabler, whilst the inscription appearing thereon is in the new lettering specially conceived for modern silver-mark by Mr. Eric Gill. The making and engraving of this fine piece was entrusted to the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Ltd., 112, Regent St., W.1.

A GIFT OF DISTINCTION

The handsome sterling silver rosewater dish which will be presented to the Canadian Bar Association by the English lawyers now visiting Canada

When the Australian cricketers were on their way to Manchester for the fourth Test, they broke their journey at York where they visited Rowntree's model factory. They are seen above fraternising with Plain Mr. York

For the Gardener

No one who has the interests of his garden at heart should fail to write to Messrs. James Carter and Co., the famous seedsmen, of Raynes Park, S.W.20, for a copy of their new catalogue on bulbs and lawns. It is interesting—and very pleasant—to note from an inspection of its pages that the prices of bulbs are very considerably reduced compared with those existing last year. Another point of interest in this catalogue is to be found in the Room-gardening Section, where very simple instructions on how to be successful with this increasingly popular cultivation, first introduced by Messrs. Carter, are included.

THE GOURMET — By Emilia

Potage Vert-pré

WASH and pick 1 lb. of spinach, throw it into a pan of boiling water containing a little salt. When tender, drain and rub through a fine sieve. Melt 1 oz. of butter, stir in ½ oz. of cornflower till smooth, add a quart of white stock, and boil for ten minutes; add the spinach purée, season to taste, stir till it boils; lastly, add ¼ pint of cream, stir well, and serve at once.

Sole au Gratin

TAKE a large skinned sole, remove the head and fins, score the fish with a knife, rub it with lemon juice, season with pepper and salt, well butter a china fireproof dish, sprinkle it with breadcrumbs, put in the fish, place over it four chopped mushrooms and a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, cover it well with breadcrumbs, on the top of which put a few pieces of butter. Put in enough stock to surround the fish, but not to cover it. Bake till hardly any gravy remains. About twenty minutes to cool. Serve in the dish in which it is baked.

MR. F. BELLOMETTI

The proprietor of the restaurant in 27, Soho Square, which is one of the most fashionable of London's restaurants intimes

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Sole au Gratin.

Poulet à la Bonne Femme.
Pommes Sautées.

Crême au Caramel.

Foies de Volaille à la Diable.

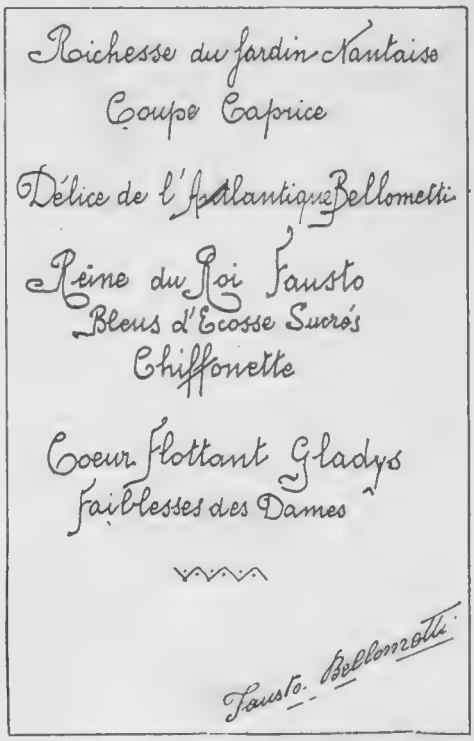
Café. **Dessert.**

Poulet à la Bonne Femme

CUT up a fowl into joints, warm 4 oz. of chopped carrots and the same quantity of onions in some butter. When brown put in the pieces of chicken, season with salt and pepper, and sauté over the fire for ten minutes. Now add two tablespoonfuls of flour and stir well for five minutes; then take a tumblerful of stock, a wineglassful of white wine, a pinch of sweet herbs, and half a pound of peeled tomatoes, and add these to the chicken. Cook over a slow fire for twenty-five minutes, take out the herbs and replace them with a heaped-up tablespoonful of finely chopped parsley. Dish up in a pyramid and pour the sauce and vegetables over.

Foies de Volaille à la Diable

POUND the liver of a fowl, mix with it a teaspoonful of made mustard, salt, cayenne, a little anchovy essence and a little butter; work it into a smooth paste, and spread on hot buttered toast. Place in a very hot oven for a few minutes, garnish with parsley and serve.



The menu of a 10/6 dinner served at Bellometti's in Soho Square. It has been signed by the proprietor, Mr. Fausto Bellometti

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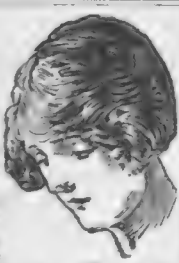

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Entered as second class mail matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office. American Agents: International News Company, New York.
Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.